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INVINCIBLE

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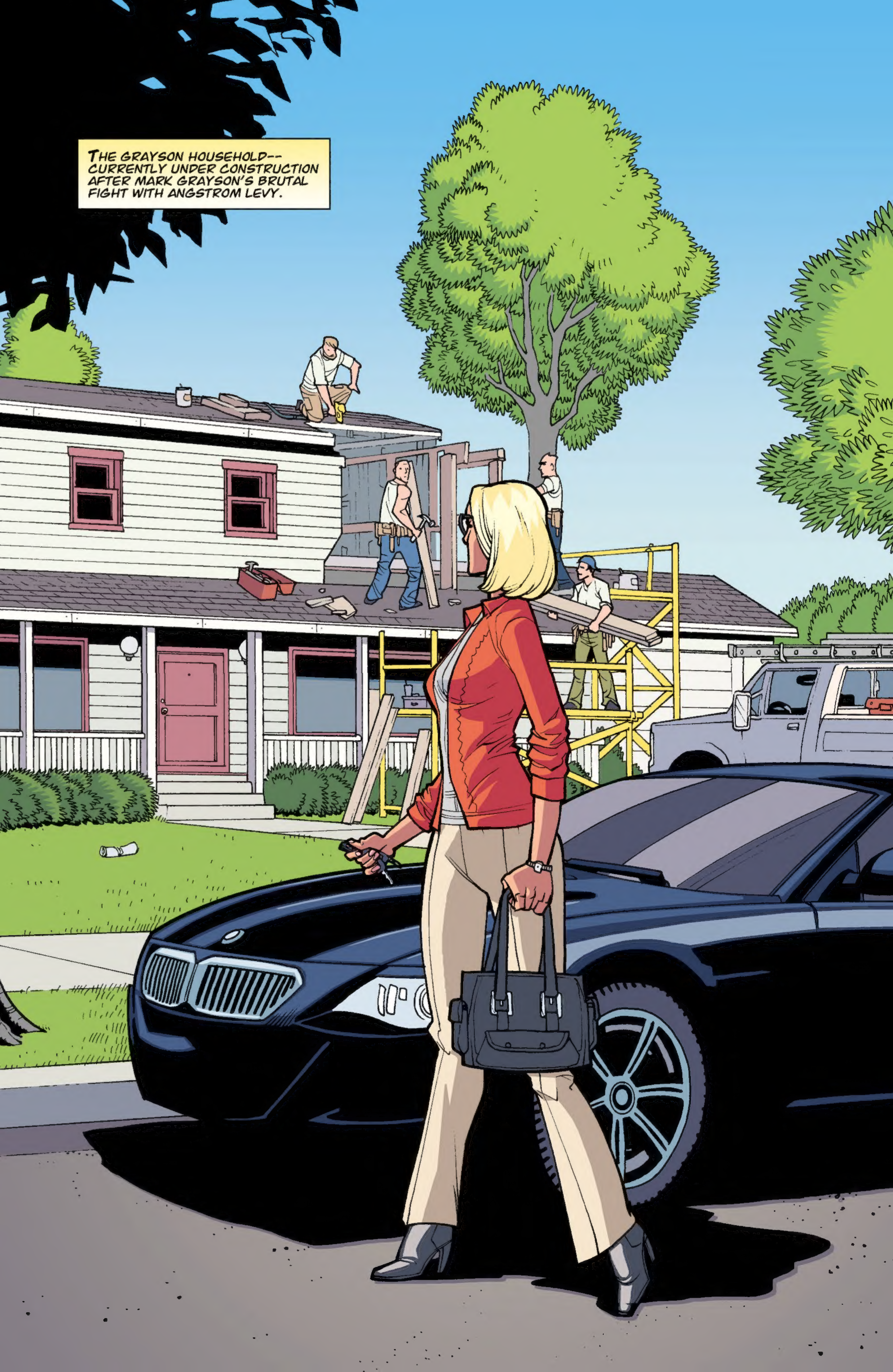
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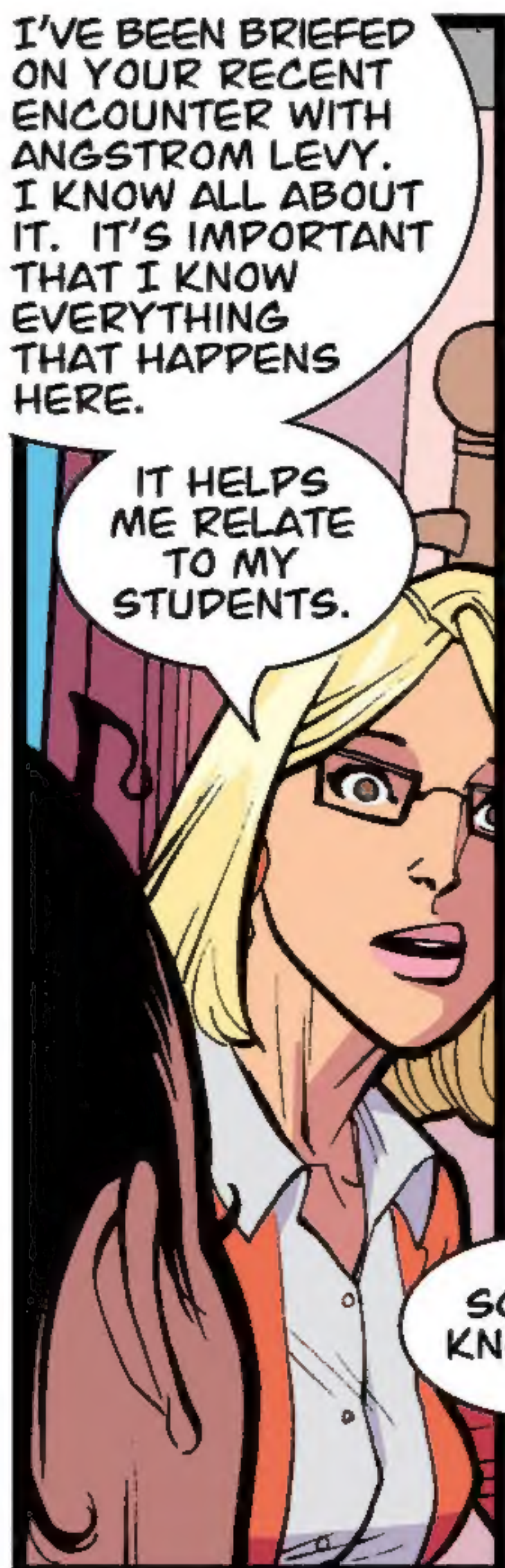
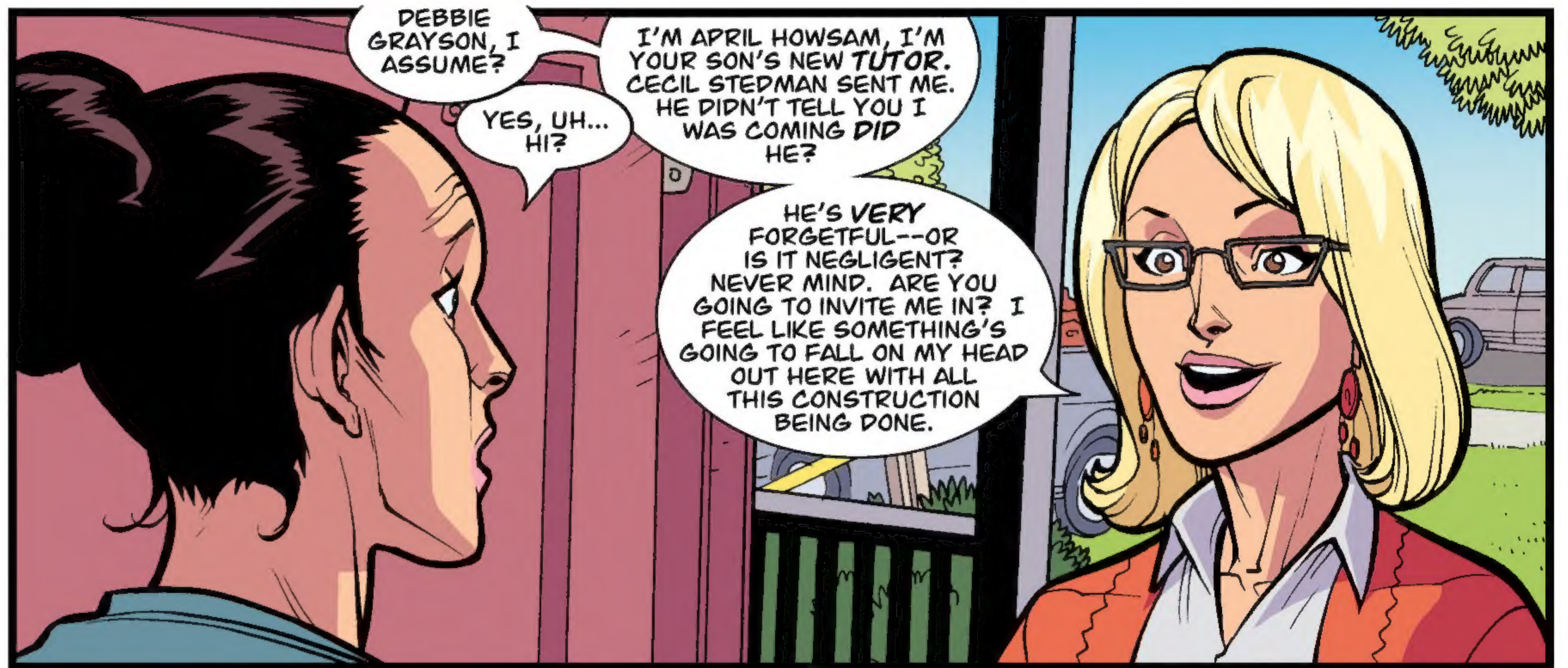
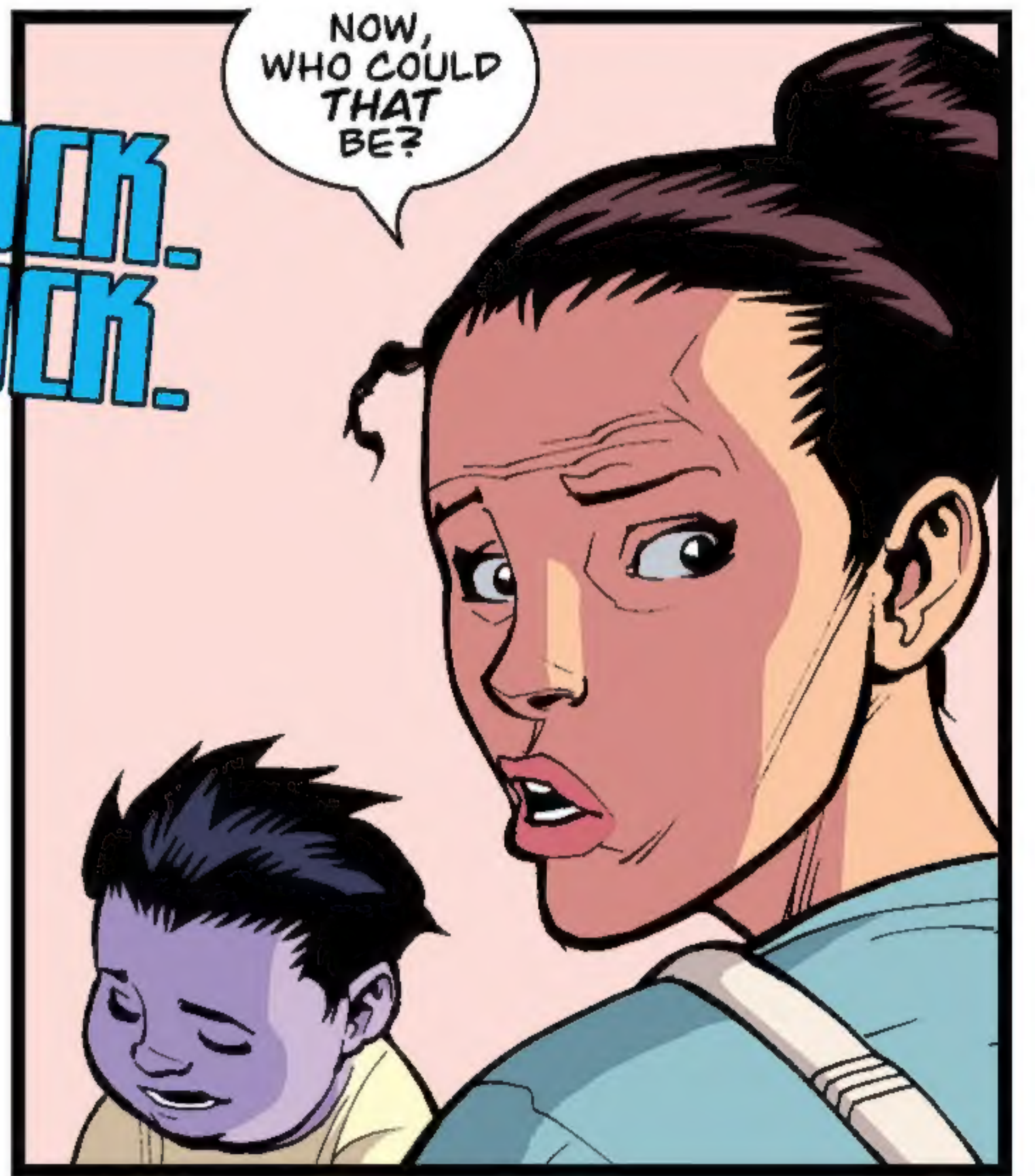
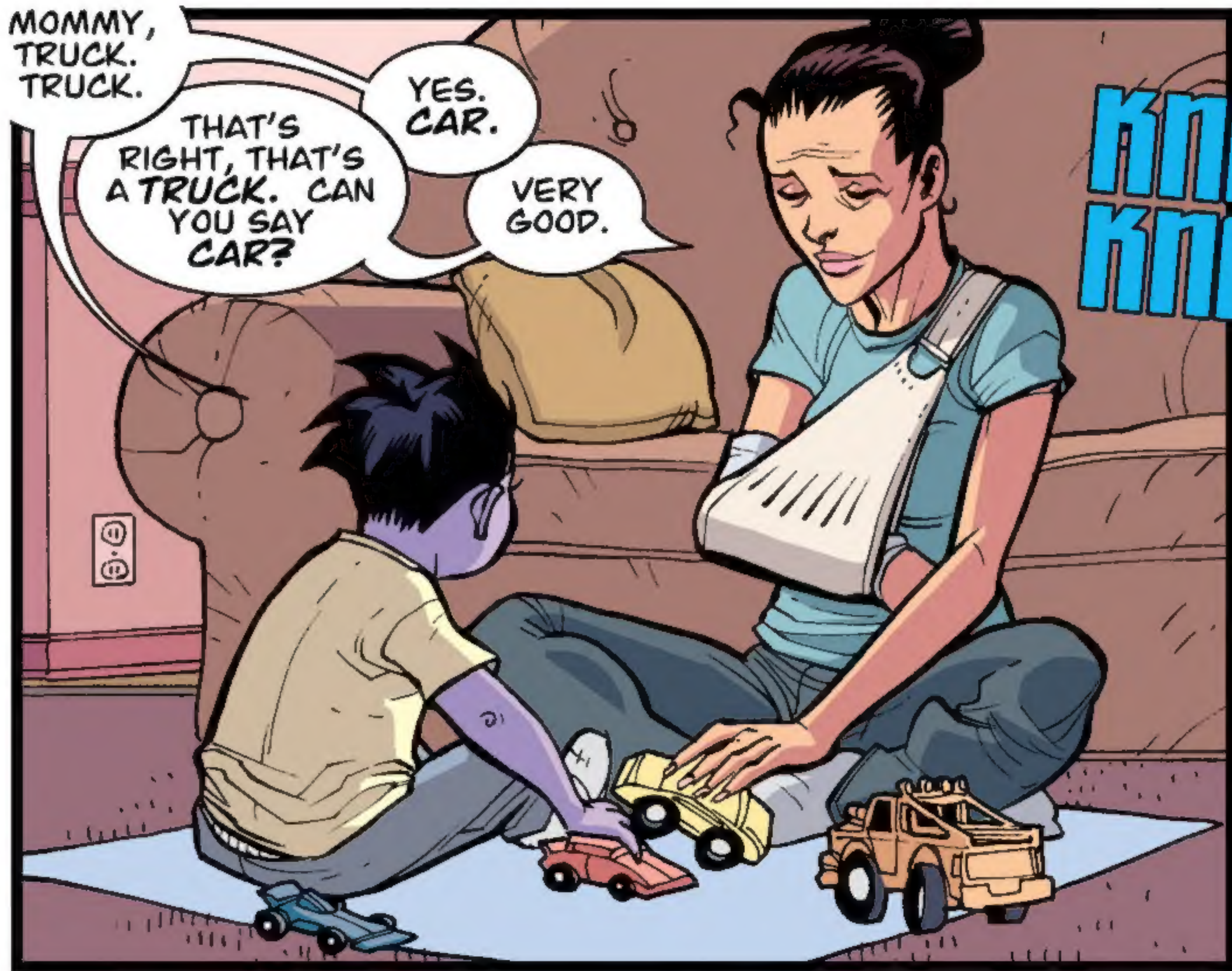
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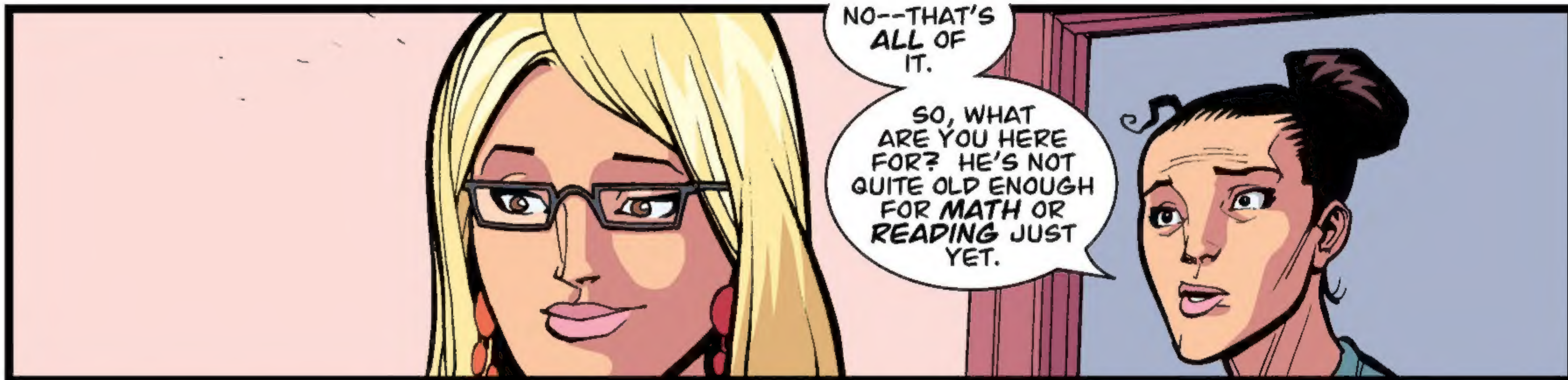
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THE GRAYSON HOUSEHOLD---
CURRENTLY UNDER CONSTRUCTION
AFTER MARK GRAYSON'S BRUTAL
FIGHT WITH ANGSTROM LEVY.

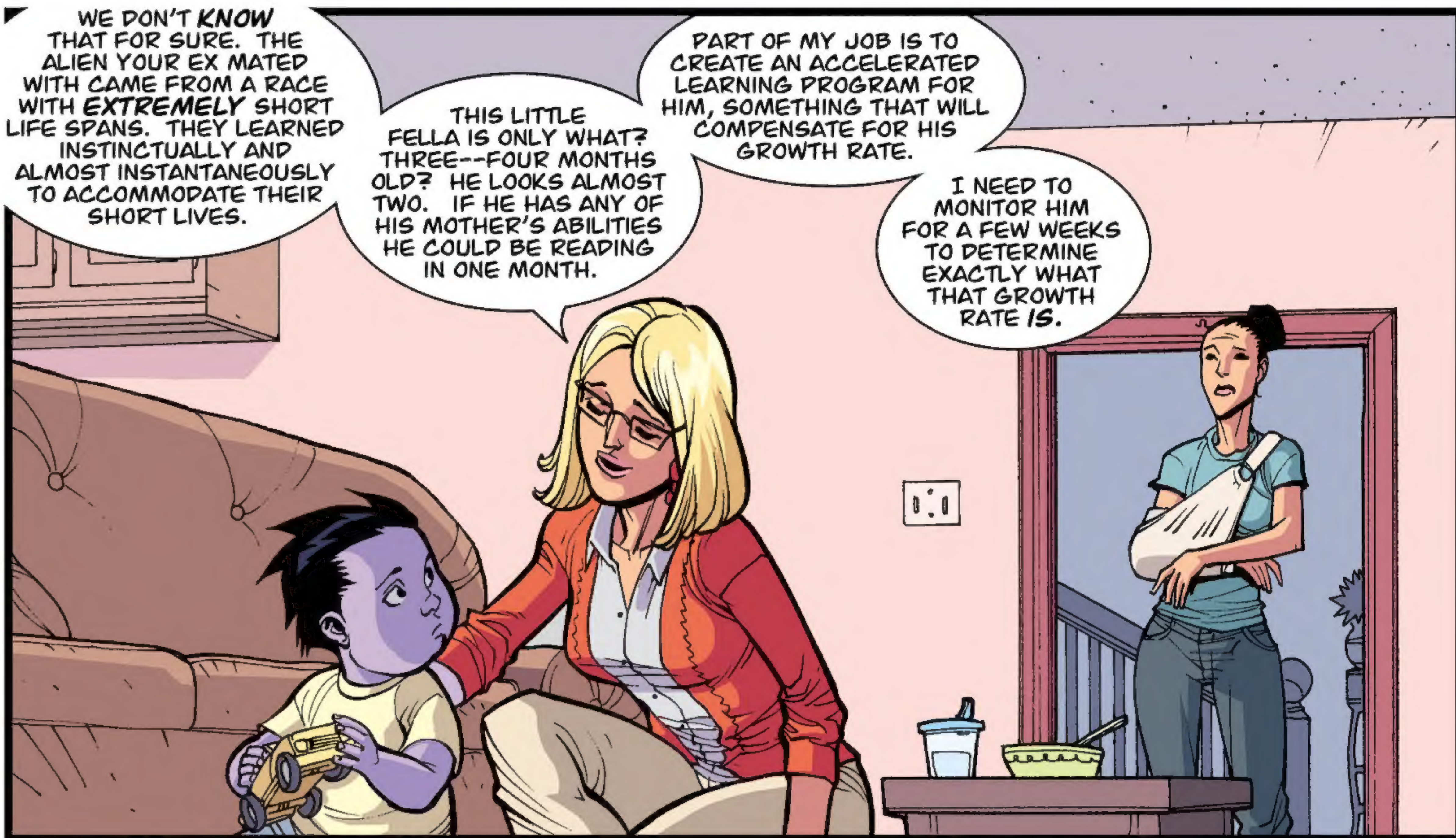






NO--THAT'S ALL OF IT.

SO, WHAT ARE YOU HERE FOR? HE'S NOT QUITE OLD ENOUGH FOR MATH OR READING JUST YET.



WE DON'T KNOW THAT FOR SURE. THE ALIEN YOUR EX MATED WITH CAME FROM A RACE WITH **EXTREMELY** SHORT LIFE SPANS. THEY LEARNED INSTINCTUALLY AND ALMOST INSTANTANEOUSLY TO ACCOMMODATE THEIR SHORT LIVES.

THIS LITTLE FELLA IS ONLY WHAT? THREE--FOUR MONTHS OLD? HE LOOKS ALMOST TWO. IF HE HAS ANY OF HIS MOTHER'S ABILITIES HE COULD BE READING IN ONE MONTH.

PART OF MY JOB IS TO CREATE AN ACCELERATED LEARNING PROGRAM FOR HIM, SOMETHING THAT WILL COMPENSATE FOR HIS GROWTH RATE.

I NEED TO MONITOR HIM FOR A FEW WEEKS TO DETERMINE EXACTLY WHAT THAT GROWTH RATE IS.



AND NONE OF THIS SEEMS **UNUSUAL** TO YOU?



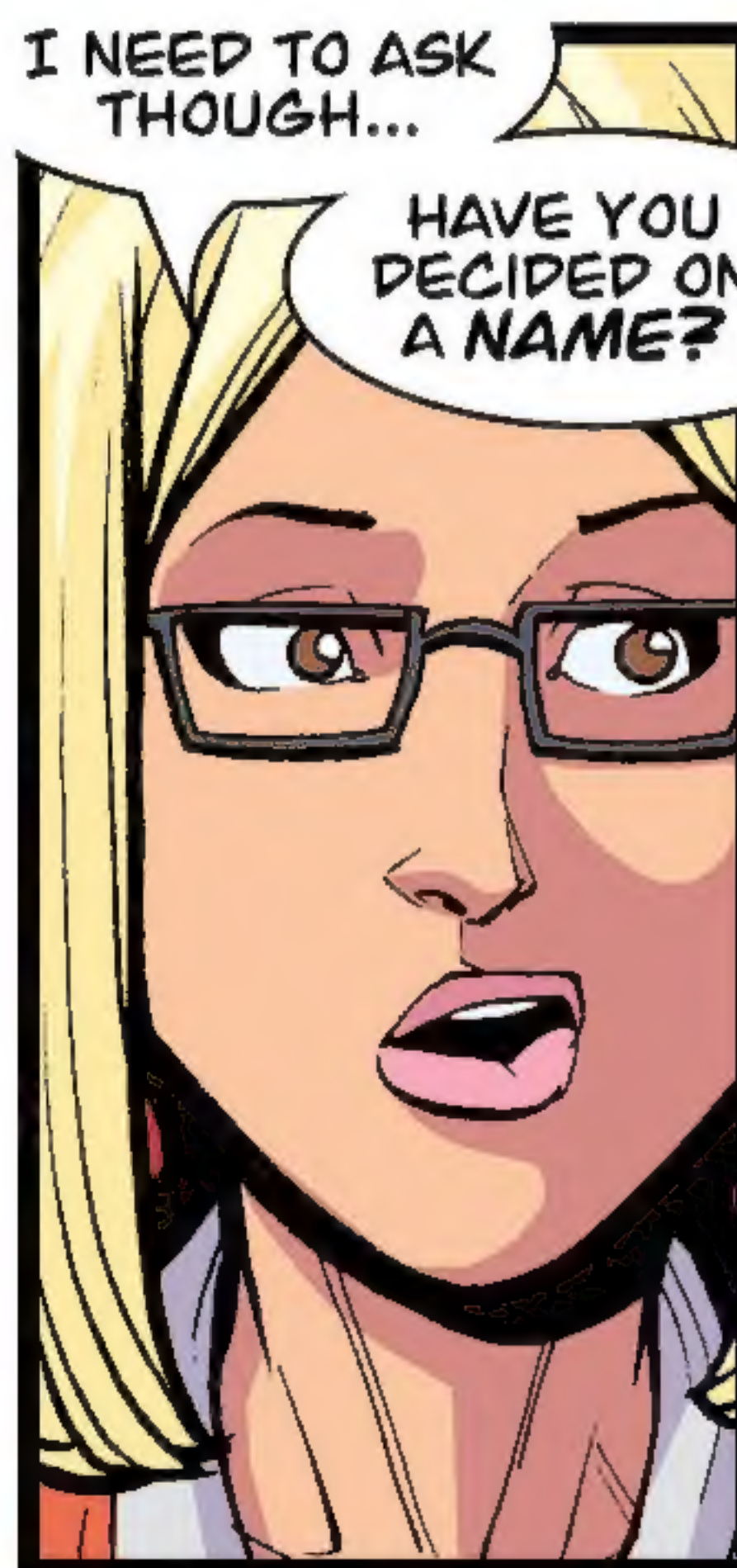
YOU THINK THIS IS MY **FIRST TIME**? I'VE BEEN TEACHING SUPER-HEROES' CHILDREN FOR ALMOST **TEN YEARS**. I'VE DEALT WITH SITUATIONS **MUCH MORE UNUSUAL** THAN THIS.



OH, AND WHILE I'M HERE CECIL HAS SOME PAPERS YOU NEED TO FILL OUT TO FINALIZE THE ADOPTION.



EVERYTHING NEEDS TO BE OFFICIAL AS FAR AS THE **PUBLIC** IS CONCERNED. WE'LL FUDGE HIS RECORDS AS HE GETS OLDER WHEN NEEDED.



I NEED TO ASK THOUGH...

HAVE YOU DECIDED ON A NAME?



OLIVER. HE'S GOING TO BE NAMED OLIVER.

THAT WAS MY FATHER'S NAME.



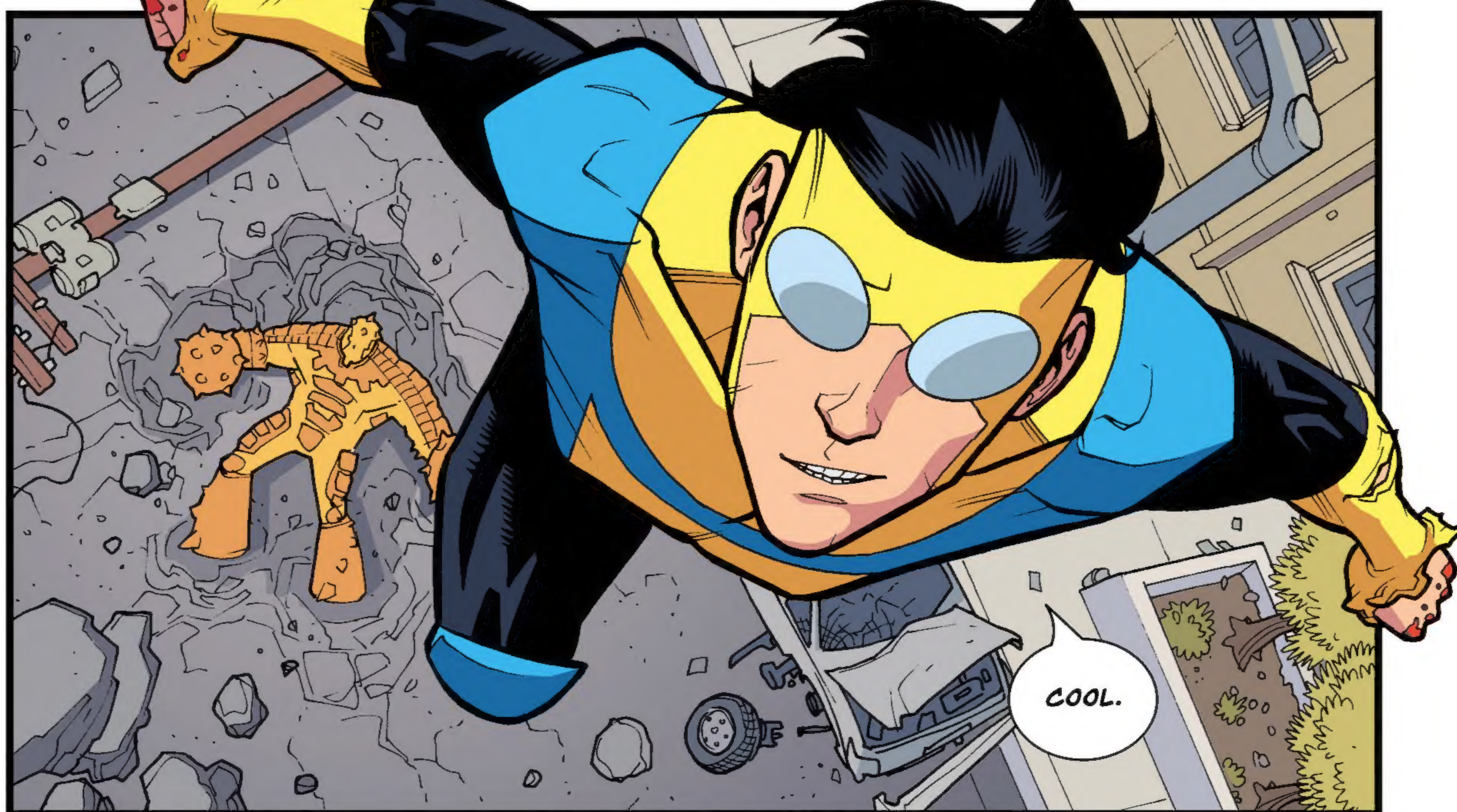
HOKKOO!!!

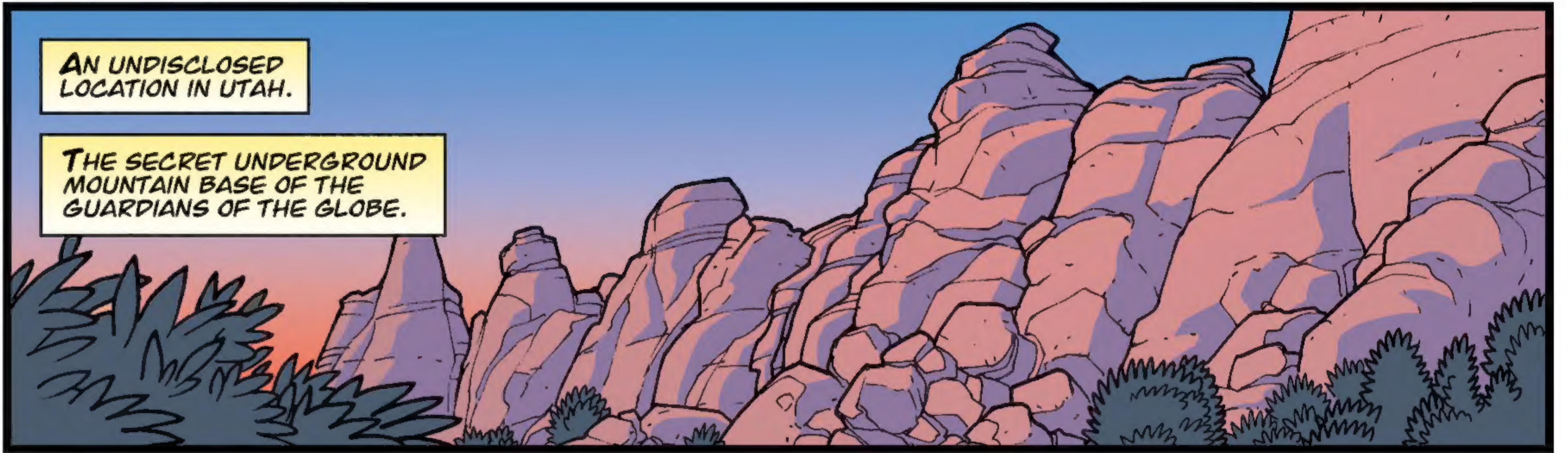
AS MUCH
TROUBLE AS
YOU'VE BEEN,
I GOTTA
ADMIT...

...RAMPAGE.

THAT'S
JUST A COOL
NAME.

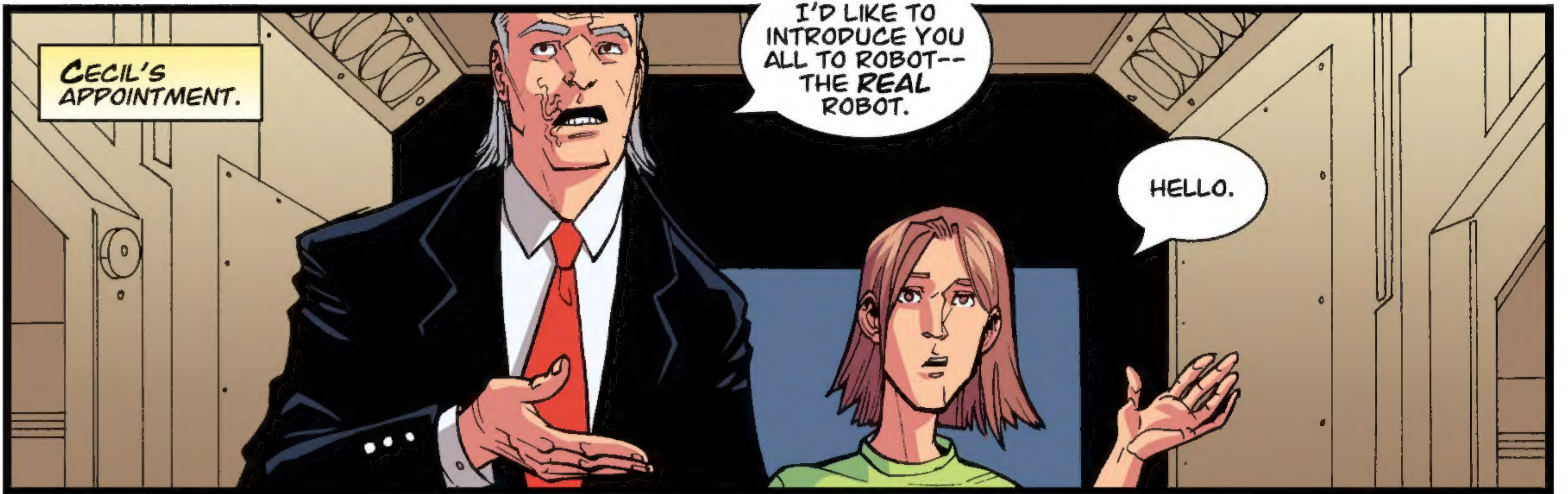
SOFA KING
LOW PRICES!





AN UNDISCLOSED
LOCATION IN UTAH.

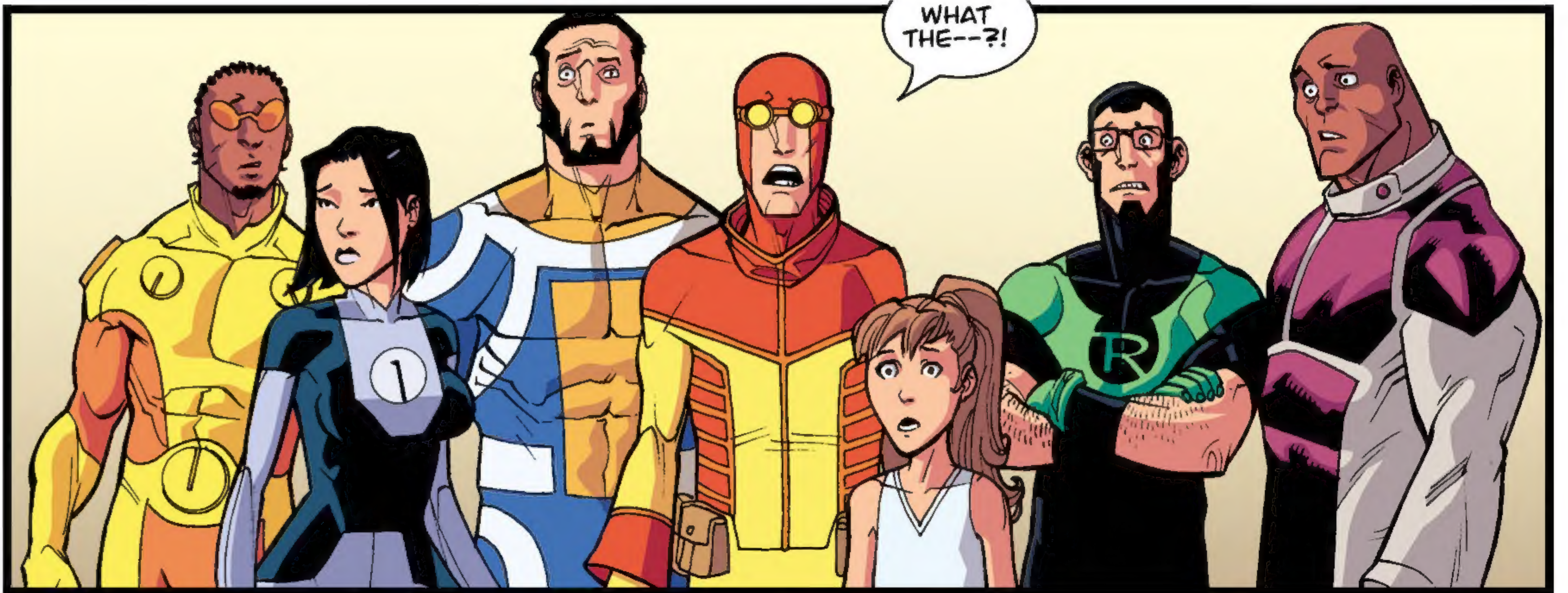
THE SECRET UNDERGROUND
MOUNTAIN BASE OF THE
GUARDIANS OF THE GLOBE.



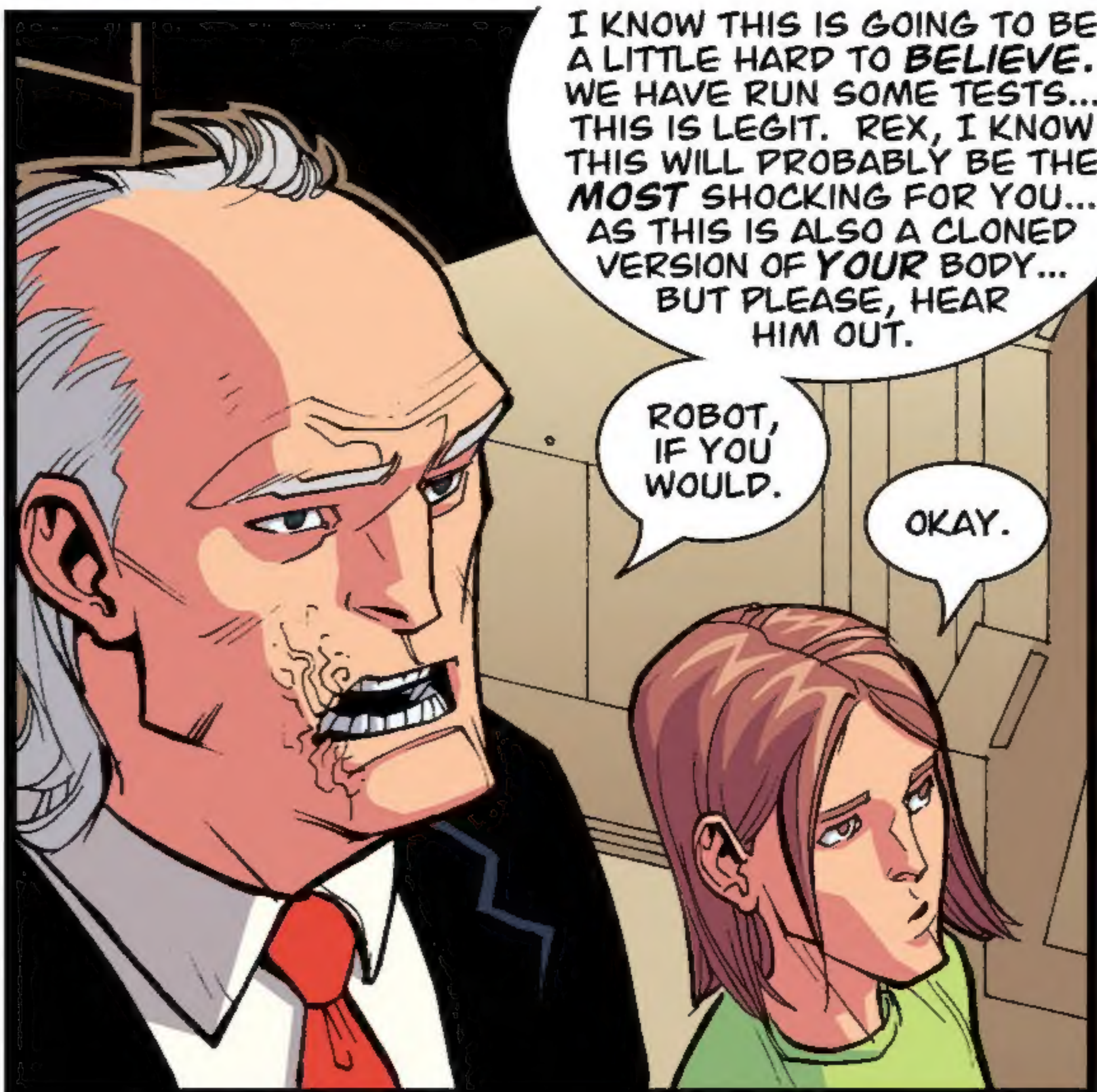
CECIL'S
APPOINTMENT.

I'D LIKE TO
INTRODUCE YOU
ALL TO ROBOT--
THE REAL
ROBOT.

HELLO.



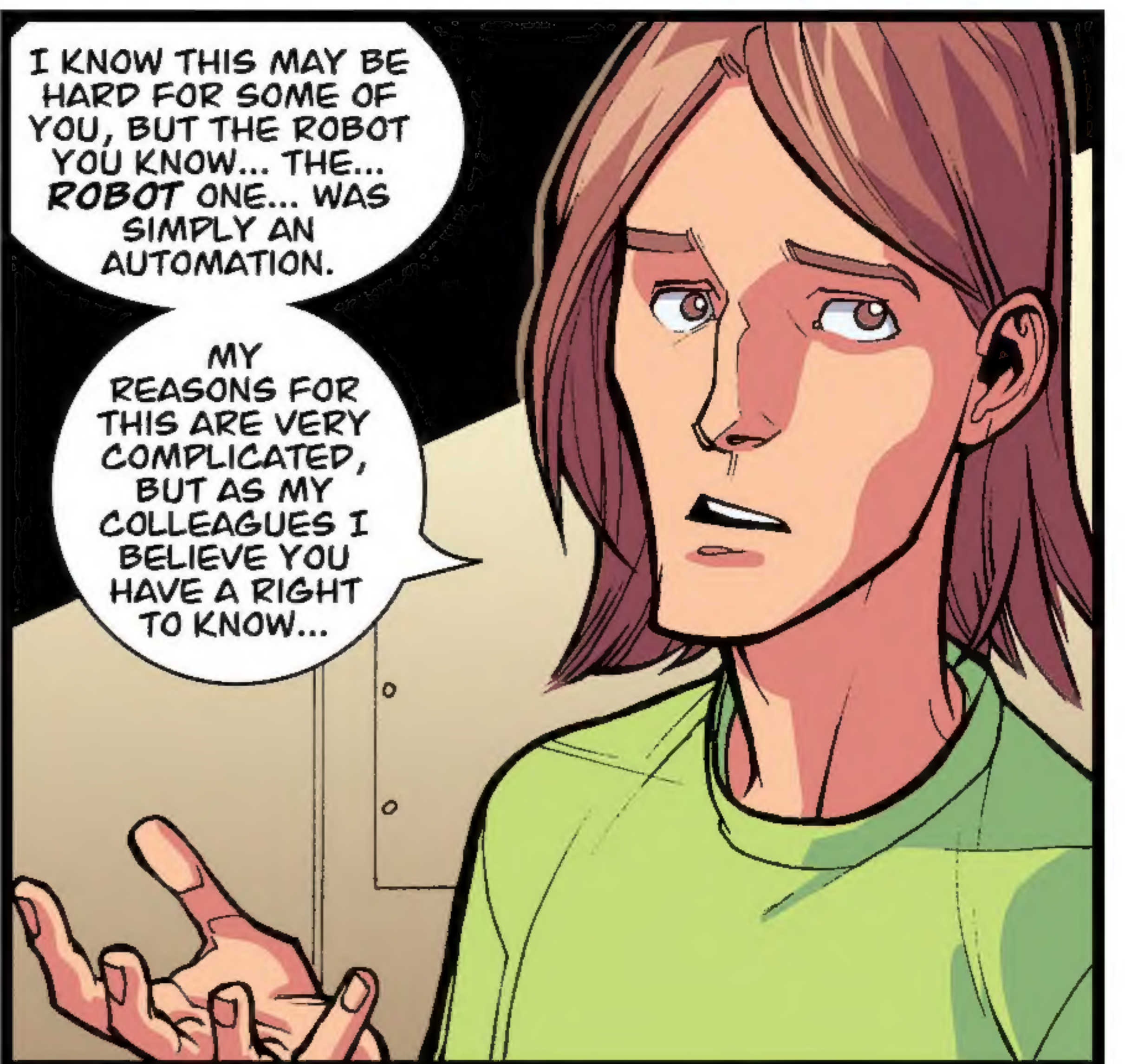
WHAT
THE---?!



I KNOW THIS IS GOING TO BE
A LITTLE HARD TO BELIEVE.
WE HAVE RUN SOME TESTS...
THIS IS LEGIT. REX, I KNOW
THIS WILL PROBABLY BE THE
MOST SHOCKING FOR YOU...
AS THIS IS ALSO A CLONED
VERSION OF YOUR BODY...
BUT PLEASE, HEAR
HIM OUT.

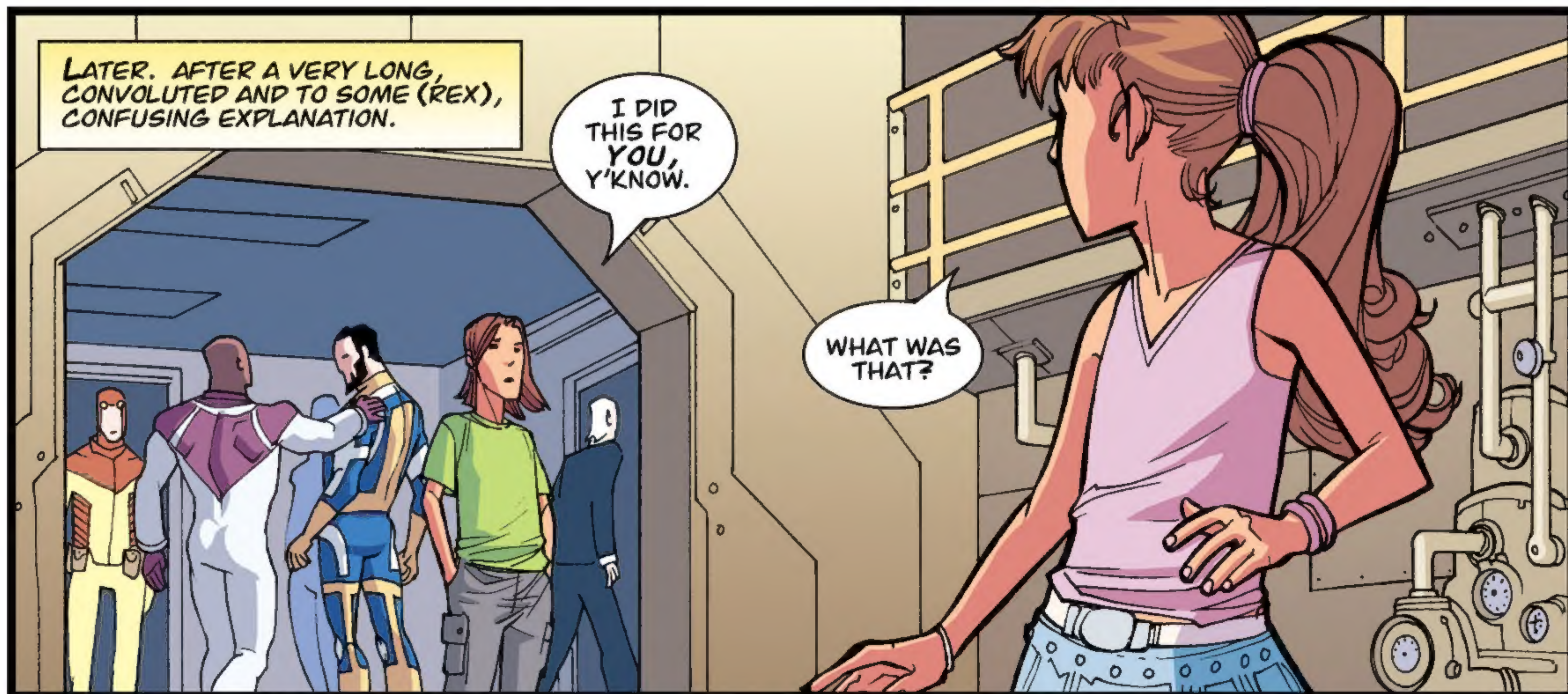
ROBOT,
IF YOU
WOULD.

OKAY.



I KNOW THIS MAY BE
HARD FOR SOME OF
YOU, BUT THE ROBOT
YOU KNOW... THE...
ROBOT ONE... WAS
SIMPLY AN
AUTOMATION.

MY
REASONS FOR
THIS ARE VERY
COMPLICATED,
BUT AS MY
COLLEAGUES I
BELIEVE YOU
HAVE A RIGHT
TO KNOW...



LATER. AFTER A VERY LONG, CONVOLUTED AND TO SOME (REX), CONFUSING EXPLANATION.

I DID THIS FOR YOU, Y'KNOW.

WHAT WAS THAT?

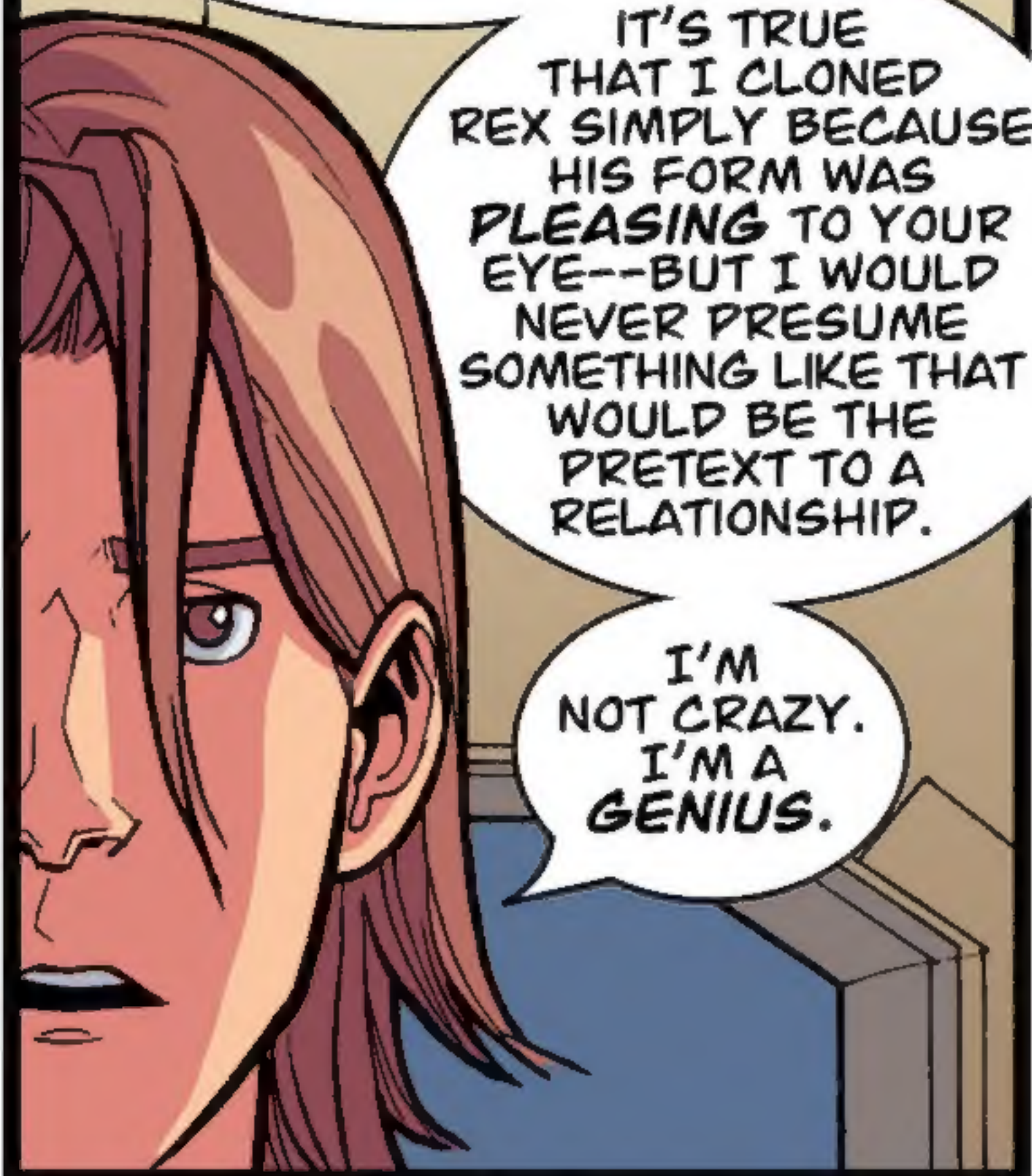
WHILE TRYING TO FIND A CURE FOR YOUR CONDITION... I BECAME ENAMORED WITH YOUR PLIGHT, WHICH MIRRORED MINE. IN GETTING TO KNOW YOU, I WAS FASCINATED BY YOUR ABILITY TO COPE... IT INSPIRED ME.

FOR SO LONG I HAD BEEN CONTENT TO LIVE LIFE THROUGH THOSE MECHANICAL EYES-- NEVER LONGING FOR ANYTHING MORE, UNTIL I MET YOU.



YOU'RE NOT GOING TO TELL ME YOU LOVE ME, RIGHT? I MEAN, THAT WOULD BE TOTALLY CREEPY.

NO, I BARELY KNOW YOU-- THAT WOULD BE MORONIC AND I'M ONE OF THE SMARTEST PEOPLE ON THE PLANET. MY FEELINGS FOR YOU ARE SO MUCH MORE THAN THAT. RESPECT, ADMIRATION... YOU'VE MOVED ME.



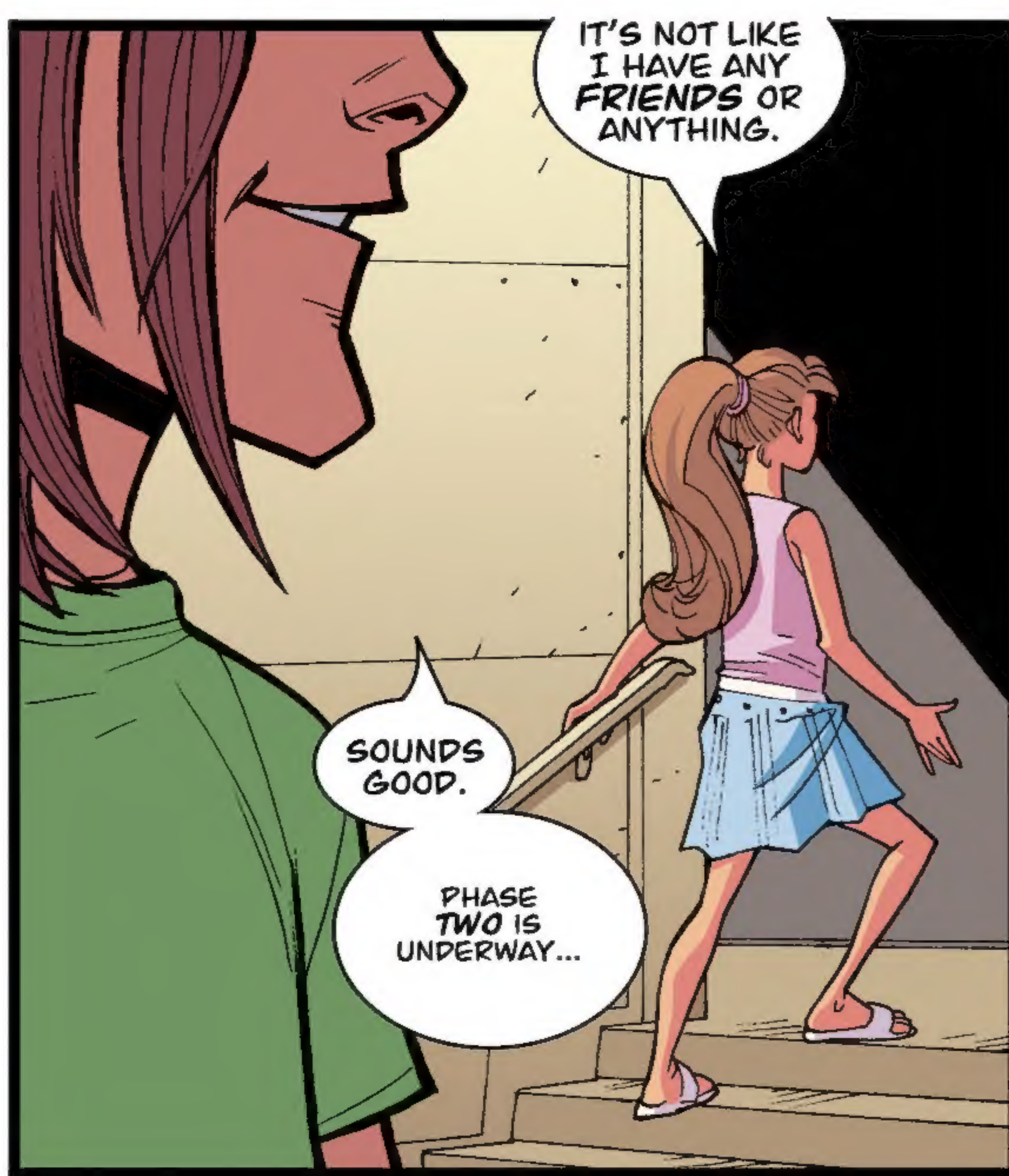
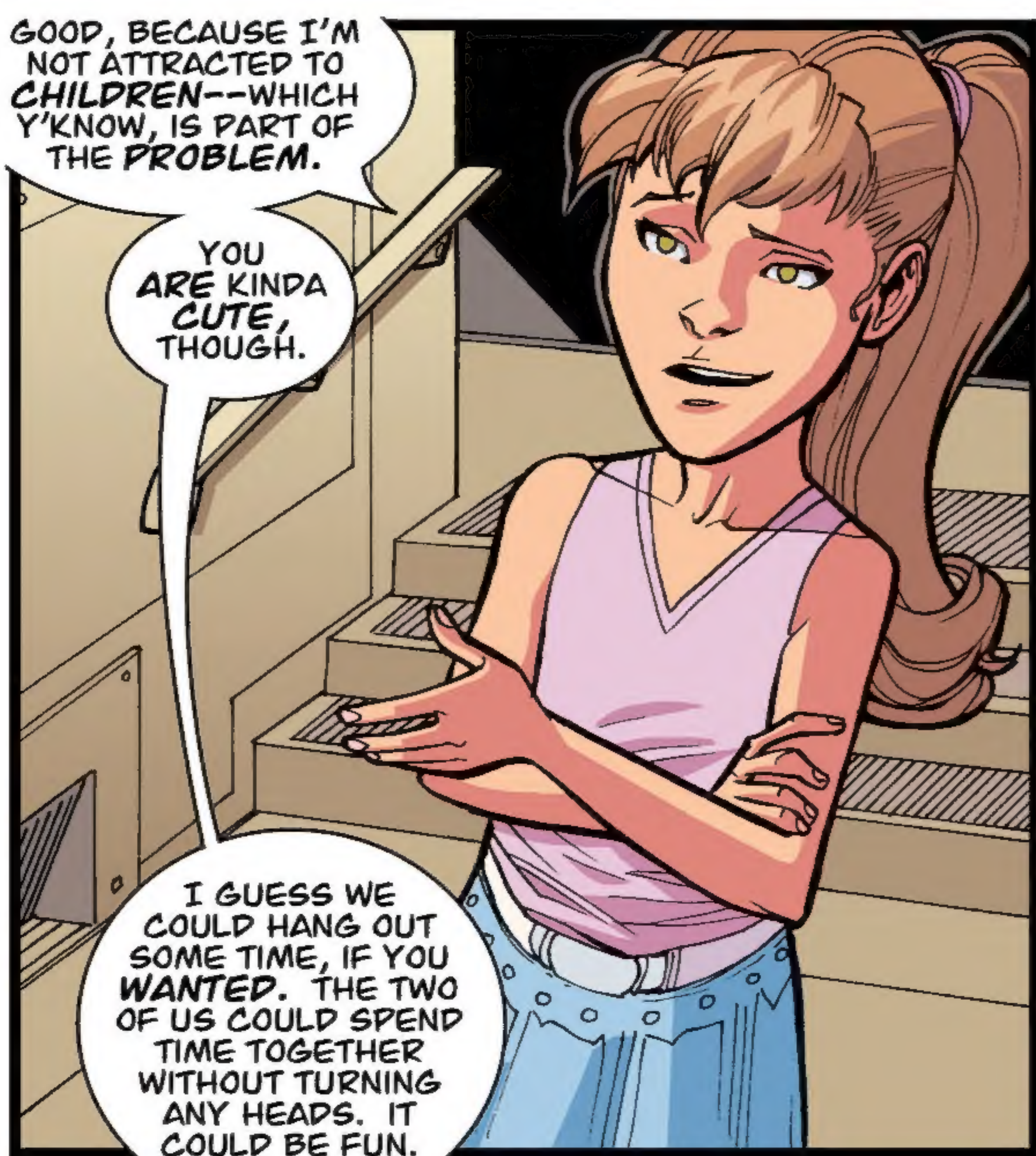
IT'S TRUE THAT I CLONED REX SIMPLY BECAUSE HIS FORM WAS PLEASING TO YOUR EYE--BUT I WOULD NEVER PRESUME SOMETHING LIKE THAT WOULD BE THE PRETEXT TO A RELATIONSHIP.

I'M NOT CRAZY. I'M A GENIUS.

GOOD, BECAUSE I'M NOT ATTRACTED TO CHILDREN--WHICH Y'KNOW, IS PART OF THE PROBLEM.

YOU ARE KINDA CUTE, THOUGH.

I GUESS WE COULD HANG OUT SOME TIME, IF YOU WANTED. THE TWO OF US COULD SPEND TIME TOGETHER WITHOUT TURNING ANY HEADS. IT COULD BE FUN.



IT'S NOT LIKE I HAVE ANY FRIENDS OR ANYTHING.

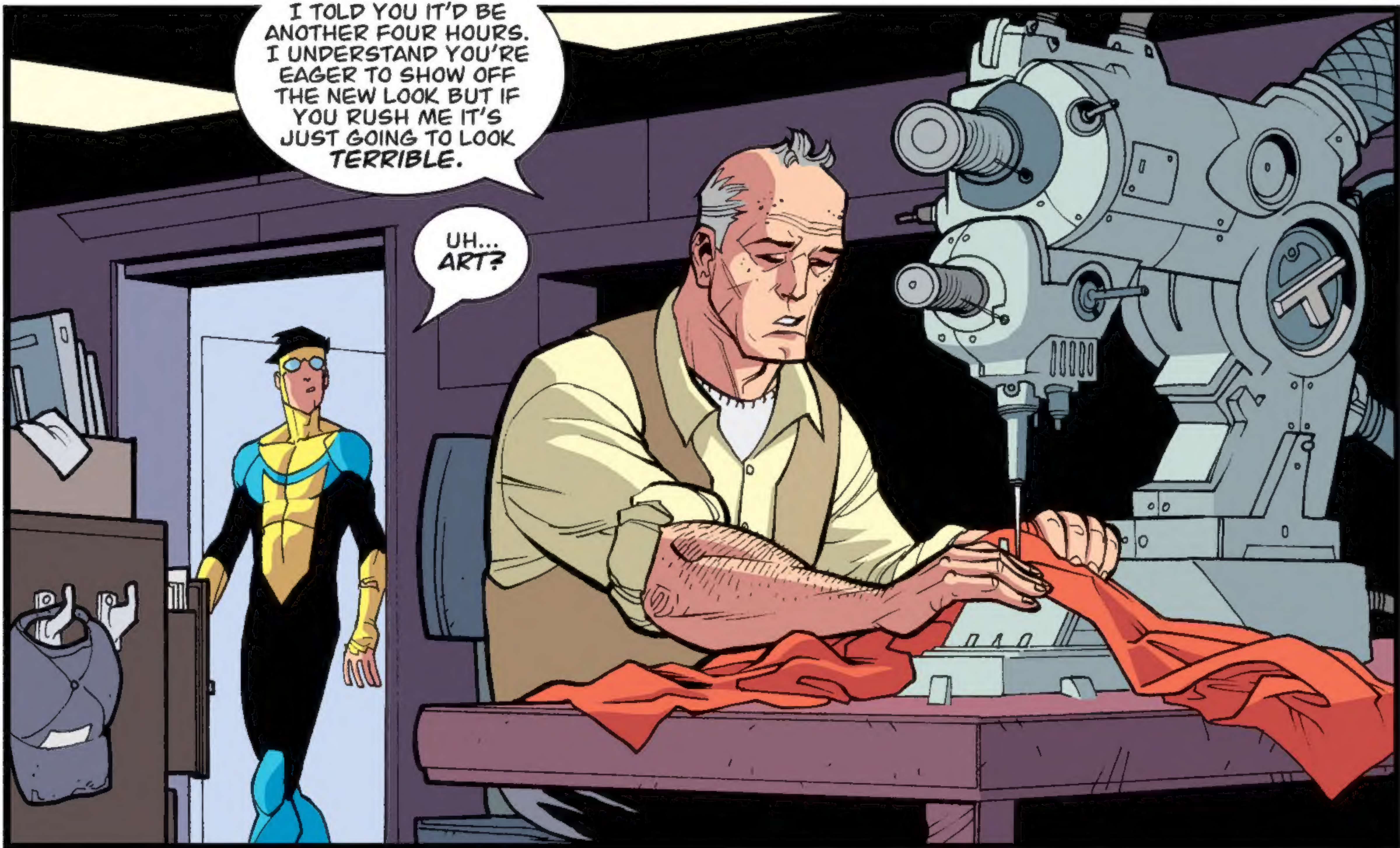
SOUNDS GOOD.

PHASE TWO IS UNDERWAY...



THE UNASSUMING TAILOR SHOP OF ARTHUR ROSENBAUM.

UNBEKNOWNST TO HIS CUSTOMERS, THE BULK OF ART'S INCOME IS GENERATED BY DESIGNING AND CREATING COSTUMES FOR SUPERHEROES.

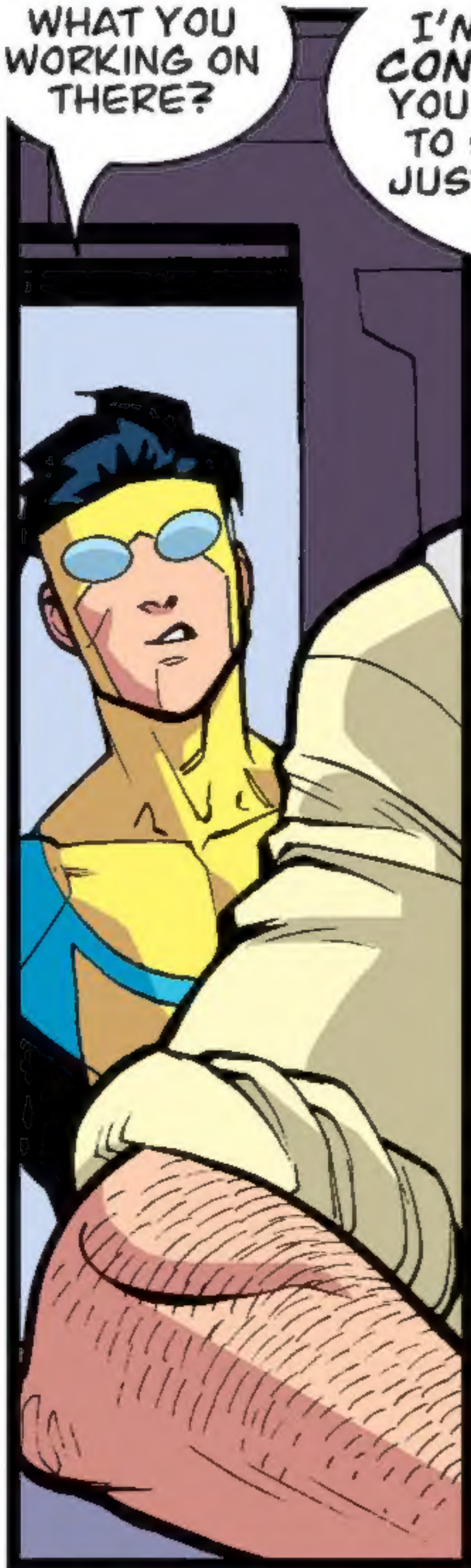


I TOLD YOU IT'D BE ANOTHER FOUR HOURS. I UNDERSTAND YOU'RE EAGER TO SHOW OFF THE NEW LOOK BUT IF YOU RUSH ME IT'S JUST GOING TO LOOK TERRIBLE.

UH... ART?



OH, HEY, MARK... I THOUGHT YOU WERE SOMEONE ELSE.



WHAT YOU WORKING ON THERE?



I'M AFRAID THAT'S CONFIDENTIAL, SON. YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TO SEE IT IN ACTION JUST LIKE EVERYONE ELSE.

THIS CLIENT IS VERY PARTICULAR.



I SUPPOSE I CAN UNDERSTAND THAT.

DO YOU HAVE TIME TO TALK?



FOR YOU? OF COURSE I DO.

WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

A BUNCH OF STUFF.
STUFF I CAN'T TALK TO
MY MOM ABOUT... AND
MY FRIEND WILLIAM IS
BEING A JERK RIGHT
NOW... SO YOU GOT
NOMINATED.

GOOD TO
KNOW I'M
THIRD.

UH... YEAH.
SO I REALLY DON'T
HAVE ANYONE ELSE
I COULD TALK TO.
I'D REALLY
APPRECIATE IT.

IT'S GIRL
STUFF.

MY
SPECIALTY.

LAY
IT ON
ME.

WELL, THERE
ARE THESE TWO
GIRLS...

AMBER, MY
GIRLFRIEND.

AND EVE,
MY FRIEND,
AND FELLOW
SUPERHERO.

WHOA, THERE!
TREAD CAREFULLY
FROM HERE ON OUT.
CERTAIN DETAILS
COULD BE
HAZARDOUS TO
MY AGING
HEART.

SHE CAN
ONLY BEAT
SO FAST,
Y'KNOW.

UH... I DON'T HAVE
DETAILS LIKE THAT.
IT'S NOTHING LIKE
THAT... REALLY.

IT'S JUST...
THEY BOTH
KINDA LIKE
ME, Y'KNOW...
IN THAT WAY.

I THOUGHT
YOU SAID YOU
HAVE GIRL
PROBLEMS.

I DON'T HEAR
THE PROBLEM. YOU
JUST NEED TO PICK
ONE AND MOVE
ON.

IT'S
NOT THAT
SIMPLE.

HOW IS
IT NOT THAT
SIMPLE?

I KINDA
LIKE THEM
BOTH.

WELL,
THAT IS A
PROBLEM.

I TOLD
YOU.

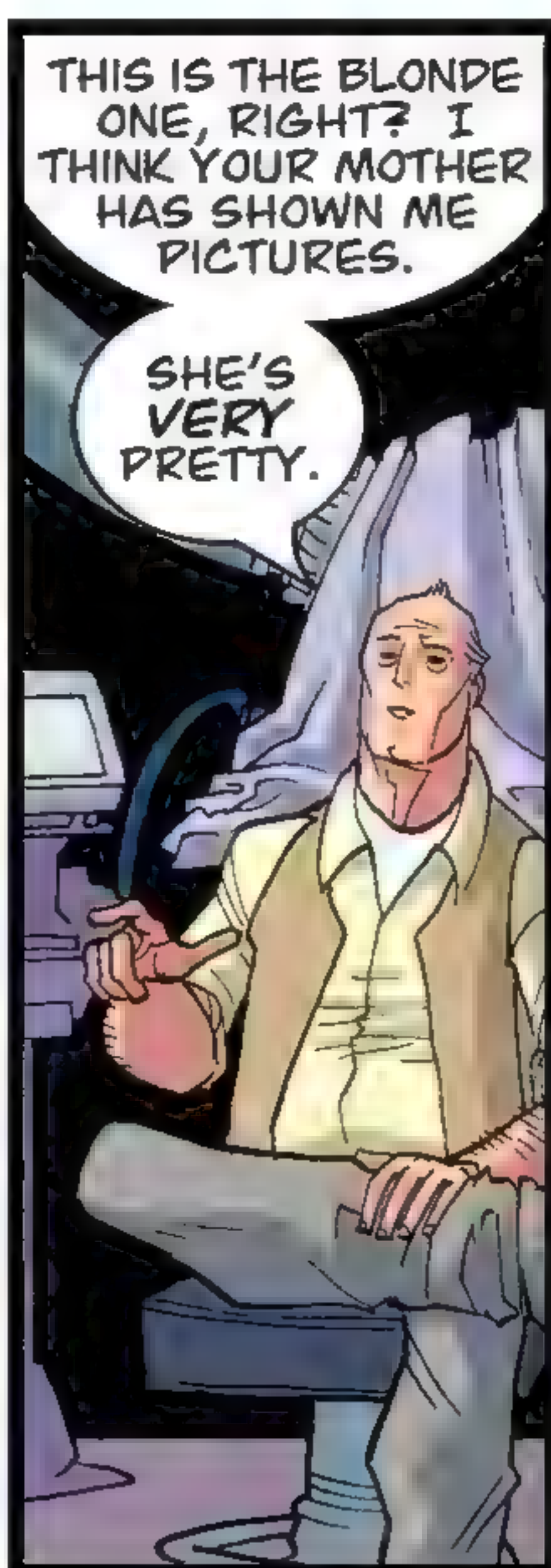
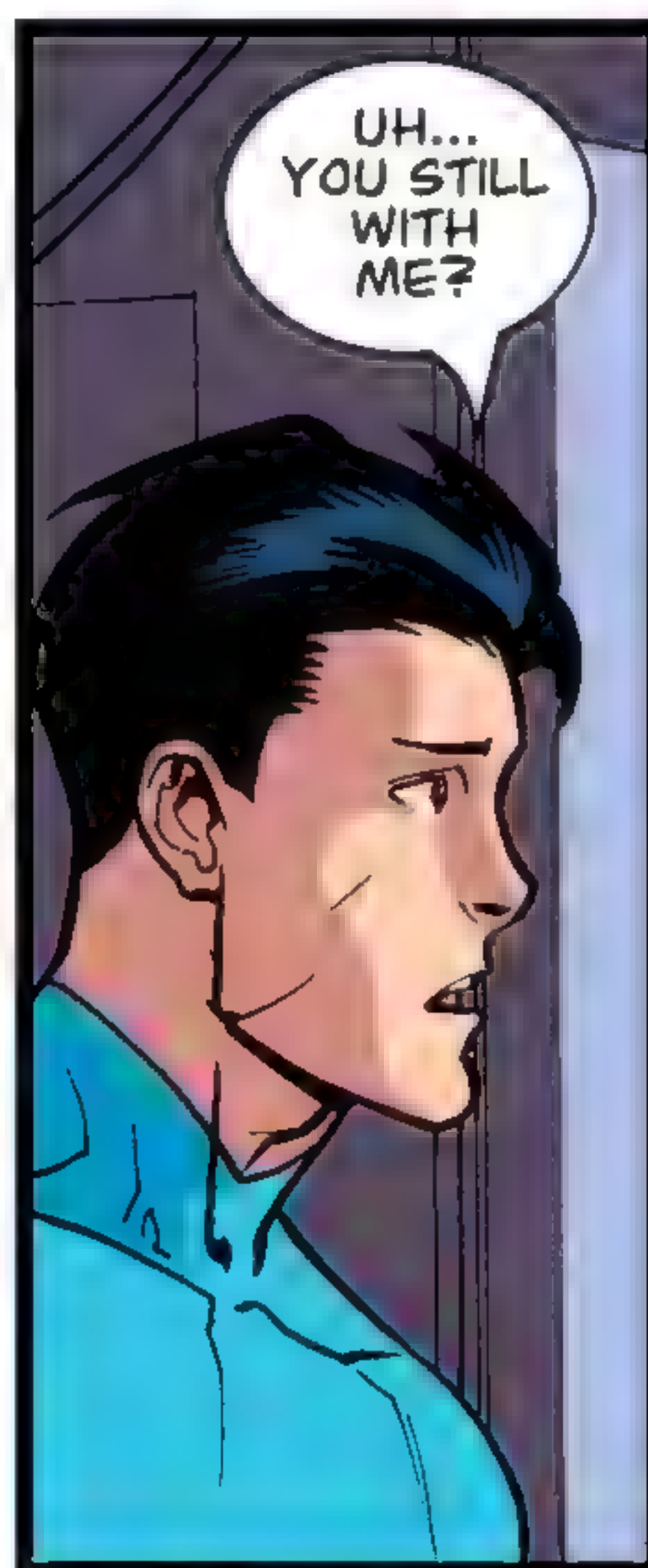
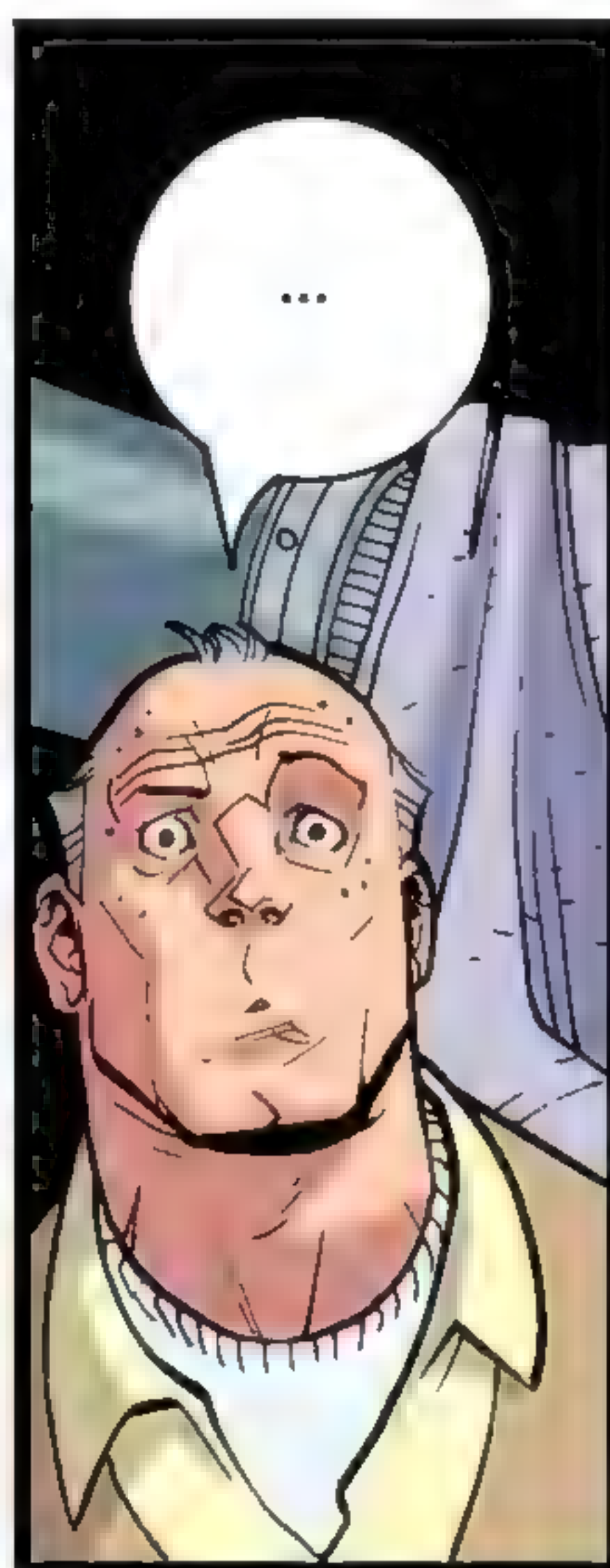
I'VE KNOWN EVE LONGER,
BUT SHE'S ALWAYS JUST
BEEN A FRIEND. I NEVER
REALLY LOOKED AT HER
THAT WAY.

MOSTLY
BECAUSE SHE
OUTRIGHT TOLD
ME NOT TO. SHE
WAS DATING REX
SPLODE WHEN
WE MET.

I DID REX'S
COSTUME.

THAT'S NICE.
ANYWAY...SHE WAS
ALWAYS UNAVAILABLE
TO ME--FIRST BECAUSE
SHE WAS WITH REX AND
LATER BECAUSE I WAS
WITH AMBER.

SO I
NEVER REALLY
THOUGHT OF
HER THAT
WAY.





BUT THAT'S NOT IMPORTANT... IT IS... BUT IT **ISN'T**. NOT TO ME. I MEAN IT DOESN'T **HURT**... BUT...

AMBER ASKED ME OUT. I WAS INSECURE, I **STILL AM**... A LITTLE. I HADN'T REALLY BEEN ON ANY DATES. I DIDN'T THINK GIRLS WERE INTERESTED IN ME.

THEN AMBER CAME ALONG. **SHE** LIKED ME. **SHE** MADE THE FIRST MOVE. THAT WAS SOMETHING. IT MADE ME **FEEL GOOD**.

HER BEING **TOTALLY HOT** DIDN'T **HURT**--BUT MAINLY--IT'S THAT **SHE** MAKES ME **FEEL GOOD** ABOUT MYSELF.



BUT IT'S NOT LIKE THAT'S ALL I LIKED ABOUT HER. I DIDN'T LIKE HER JUST BECAUSE SHE LIKED ME. **SHE'S GREAT**.

AMBER AND I **REALLY GET ALONG**.

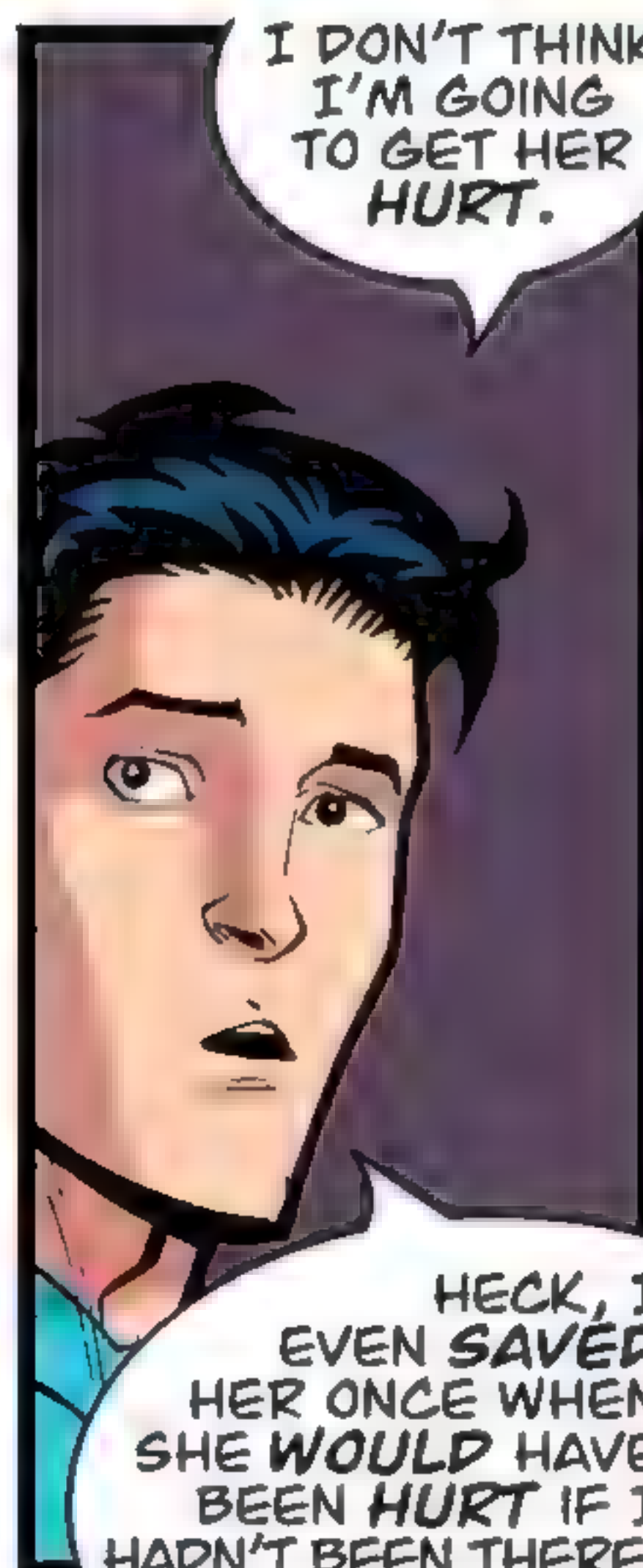


BUT **SHE'S NOT A SUPERHERO?**

NO. **SHE'S NOT**.



BUT IS THAT SUCH A **BIG DEAL**? I DON'T KNOW. I MEAN, MY IDENTITY IS **SECRET**--FOR THE MOST PART. MY TWO LIVES ARE VERY **SEPARATE**.



I DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO GET HER **HURT**.

HECK, I EVEN **SAVED** HER ONCE WHEN SHE **WOULD HAVE BEEN HURT** IF I HADN'T BEEN THERE.



I DON'T KNOW...

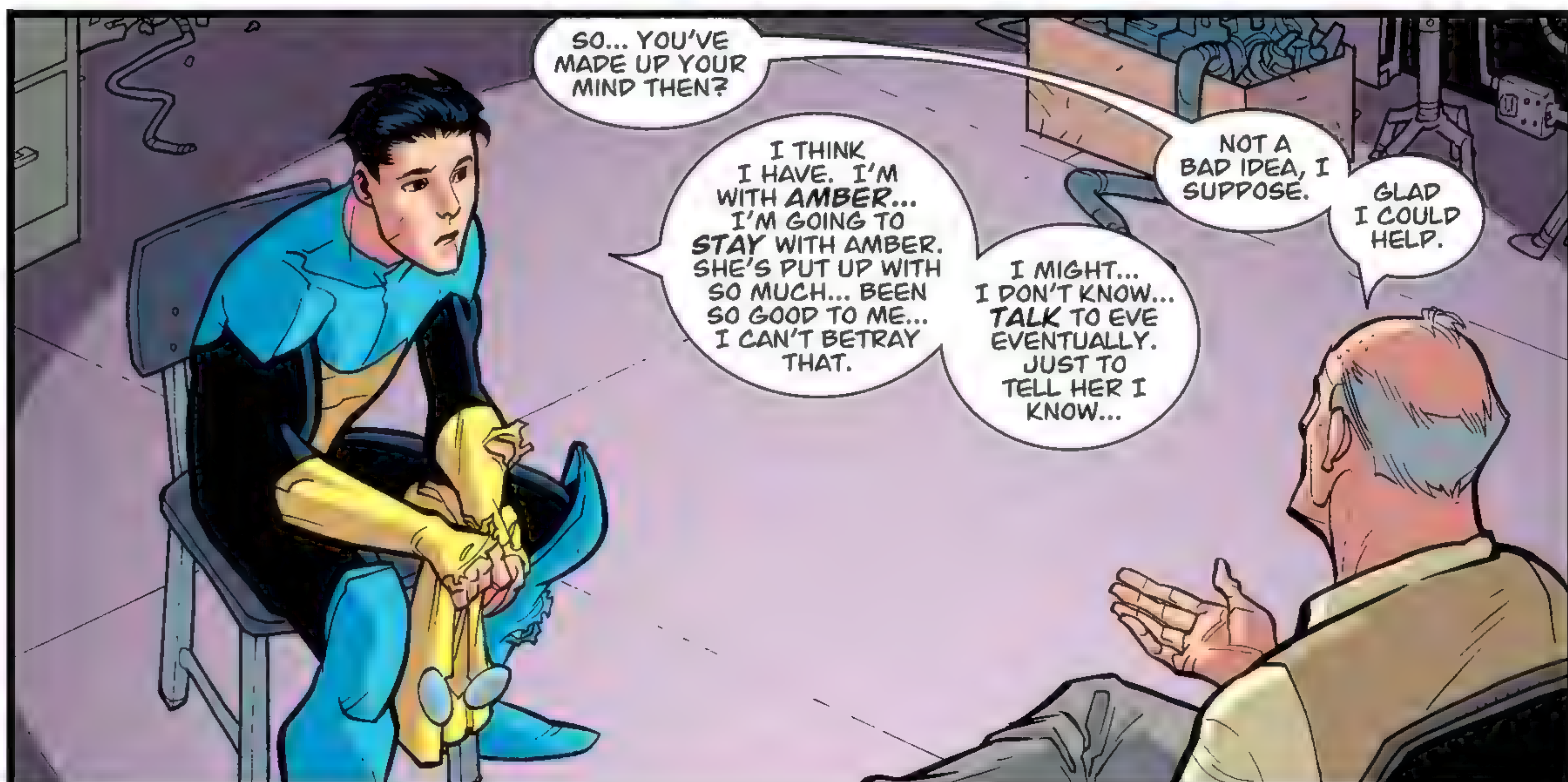


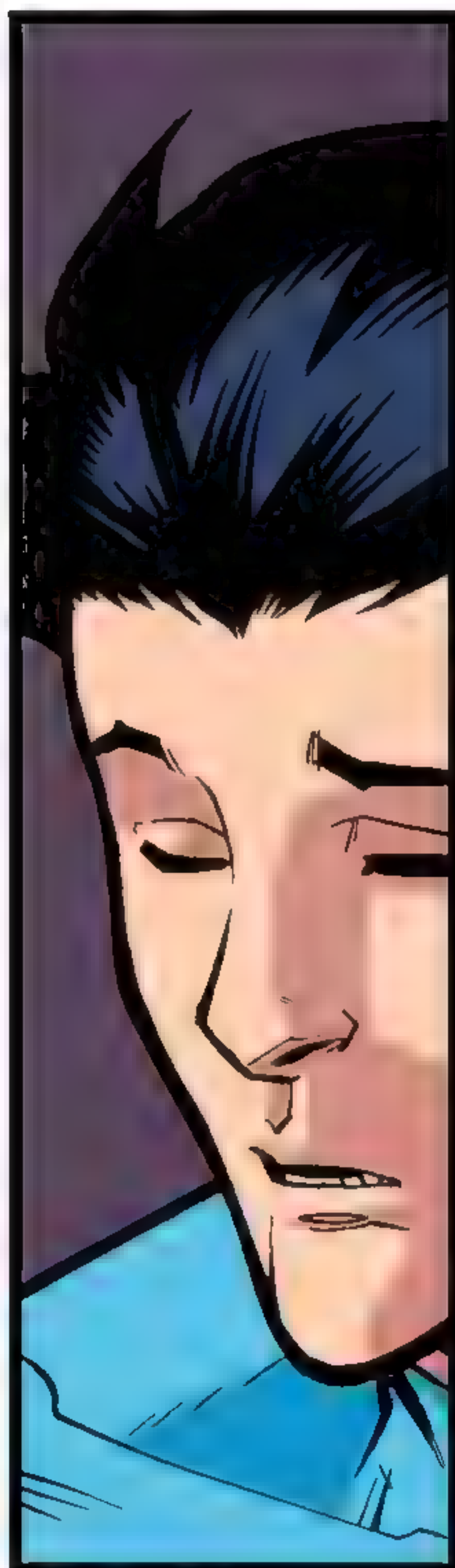
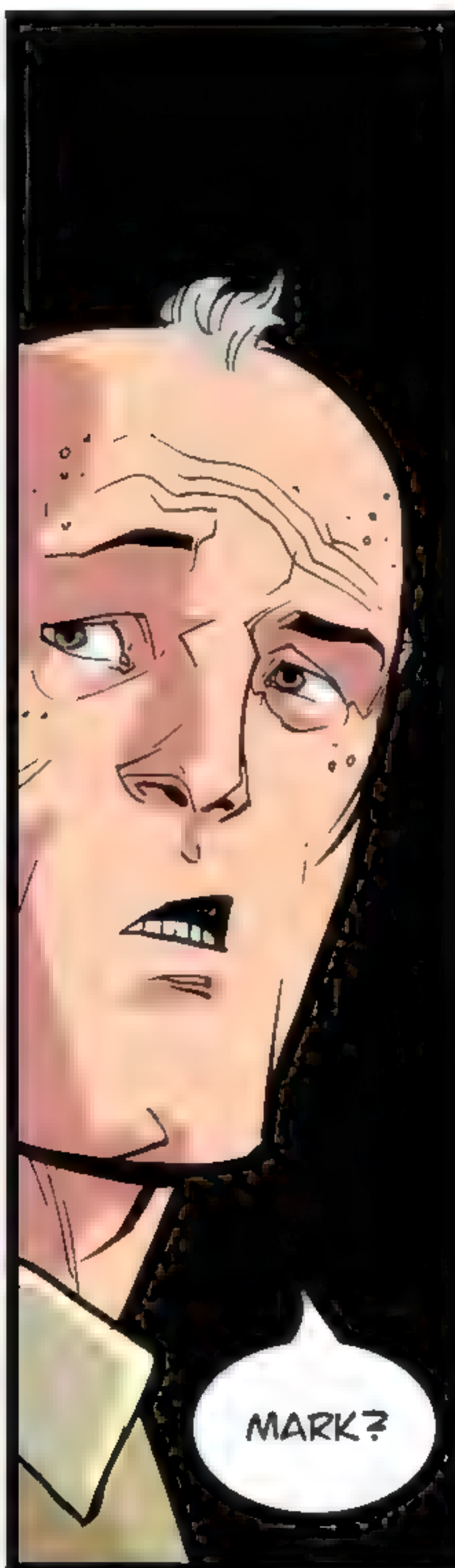
PART OF ME THINKS IT'S JUST NOT **FAIR** TO BE WITH AMBER. NOT **FAIR** TO **HER**. SHE'S IN COLLEGE, SHE'S STILL YOUNG, SHE'S GOT HER WHOLE LIFE AHEAD OF HER.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW I WAS A SUPERHERO WHEN WE GOT TOGETHER. SHE JUST LIKED ME, MARK GRAYSON. THEN I SPRING IT ON HER... I'M **INVINCIBLE**.

NOW SHE GETS TO SIT AROUND FOR A **MONTH** WHILE I'M ON ANOTHER PLANET. SHE GETS TO WATCH ME GET THE **SNOT** BEATEN OUT OF ME ON TV. SHE GETS TO HAVE ME RUN OFF IN THE MIDDLE OF OUR DATES--IF I EVEN BOTHER TO SHOW UP AT ALL.

DOES THAT SEEM **FAIR**?







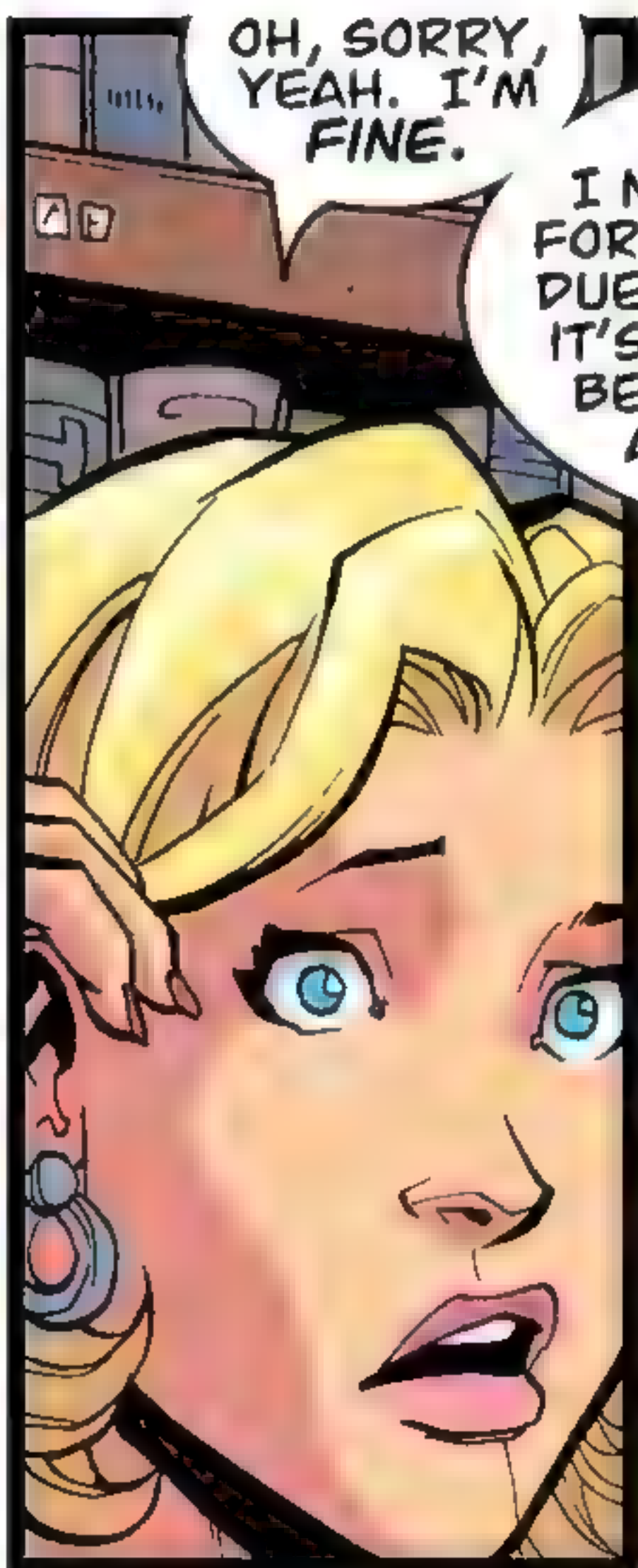
THE LIBRARY OF PAYTON-NOBLE UNIVERSITY. WHERE AMBER BENNETT, GIRLFRIEND OF MARK GRAYSON, IS CURRENTLY LOOKING FOR A BOOK.

OH, IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE--

OH-- WHERE IS IT?!

OH, POOP!

YOU OKAY?



OH, SORRY, YEAH. I'M FINE.

I'M JUST-- I NEED THIS BOOK FOR A PAPER THAT'S DUE NEXT WEEK AND IT'S SUPPOSED TO BE RIGHT HERE-- AND IT'S NOT.



WELL, MAYBE I CAN HELP. WHAT BOOK IS IT?

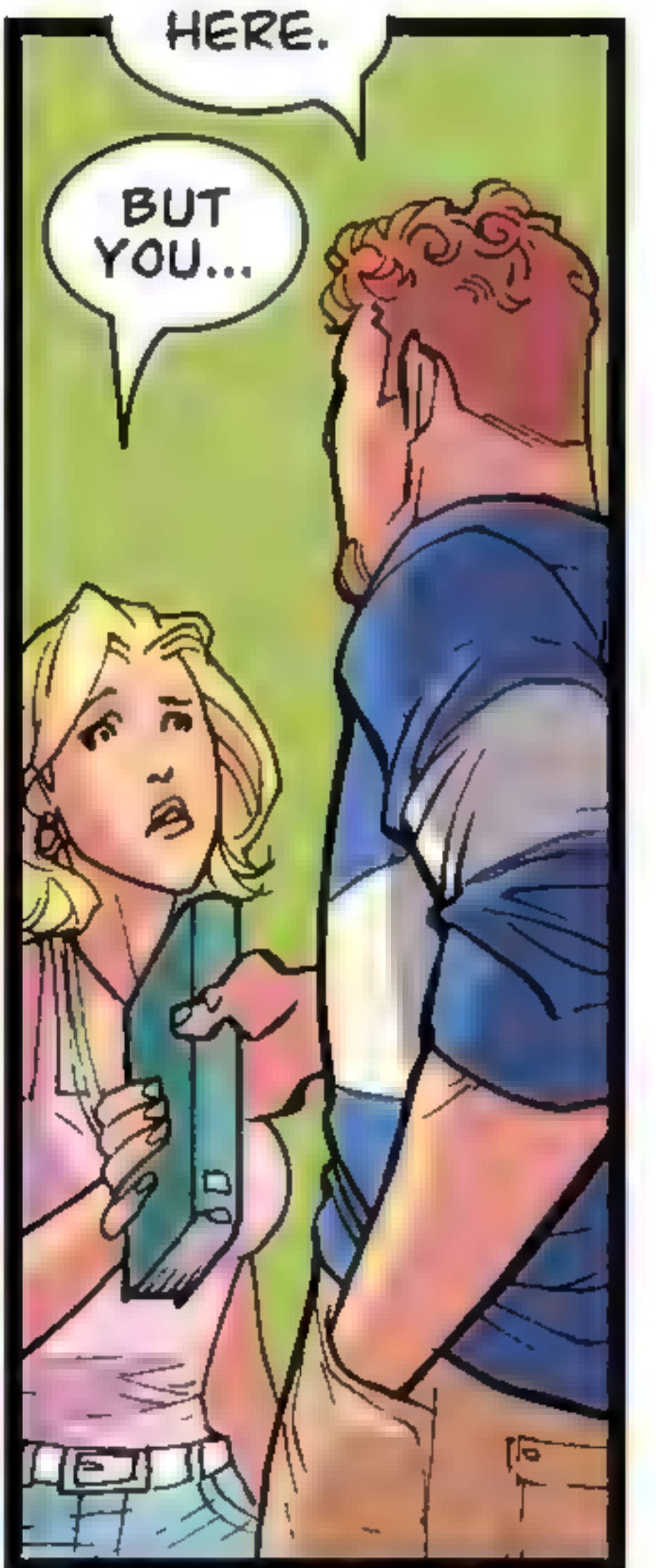


INTRODUCTIONS TO POST-MODERN ECONOMIC THEORY. THE COMPUTER SAID IT'D BE RIGHT HERE--AND IT'S NOT CHECKED OUT.

PROFESSOR BURGESS RIGHT? I'VE GOT THAT COURSE TOO. I UH... KINDA HID THE BOOK SO I COULD USE IT LATER.



I'VE GOT A THING ABOUT WORKING HERE IN THE LIBRARY... MY ROOMMATE'S A NIGHTMARE. AND UH... I'M PRETTY BAD WITH LATE FINES.



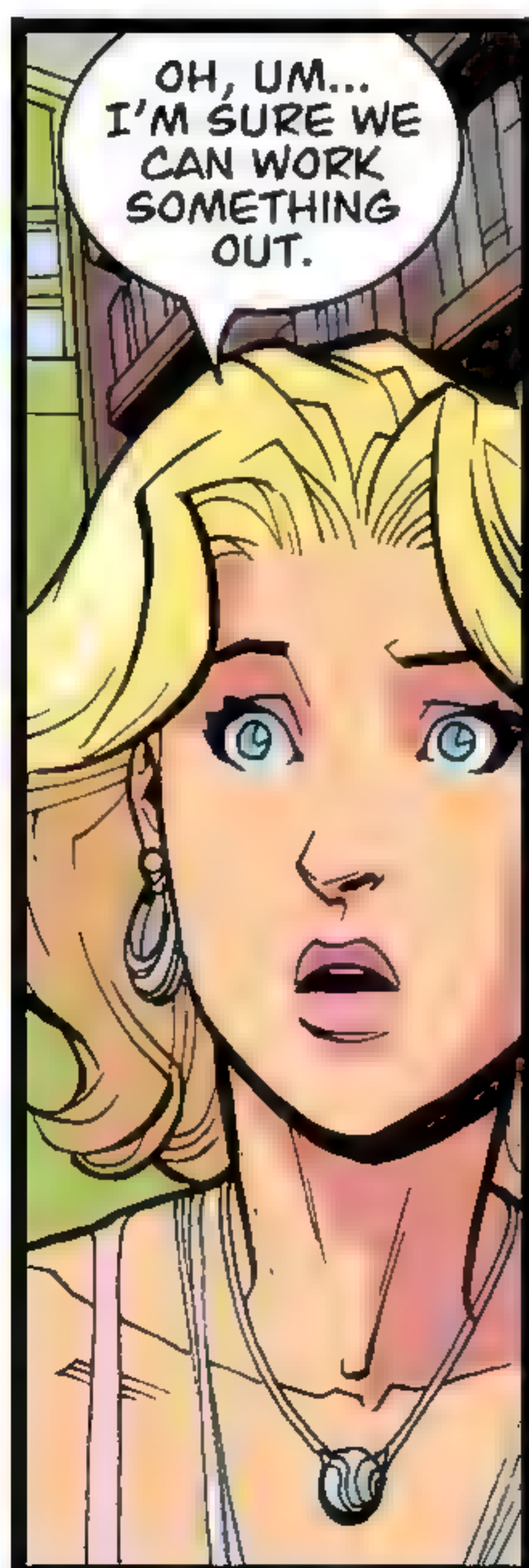
HERE.

BUT YOU...

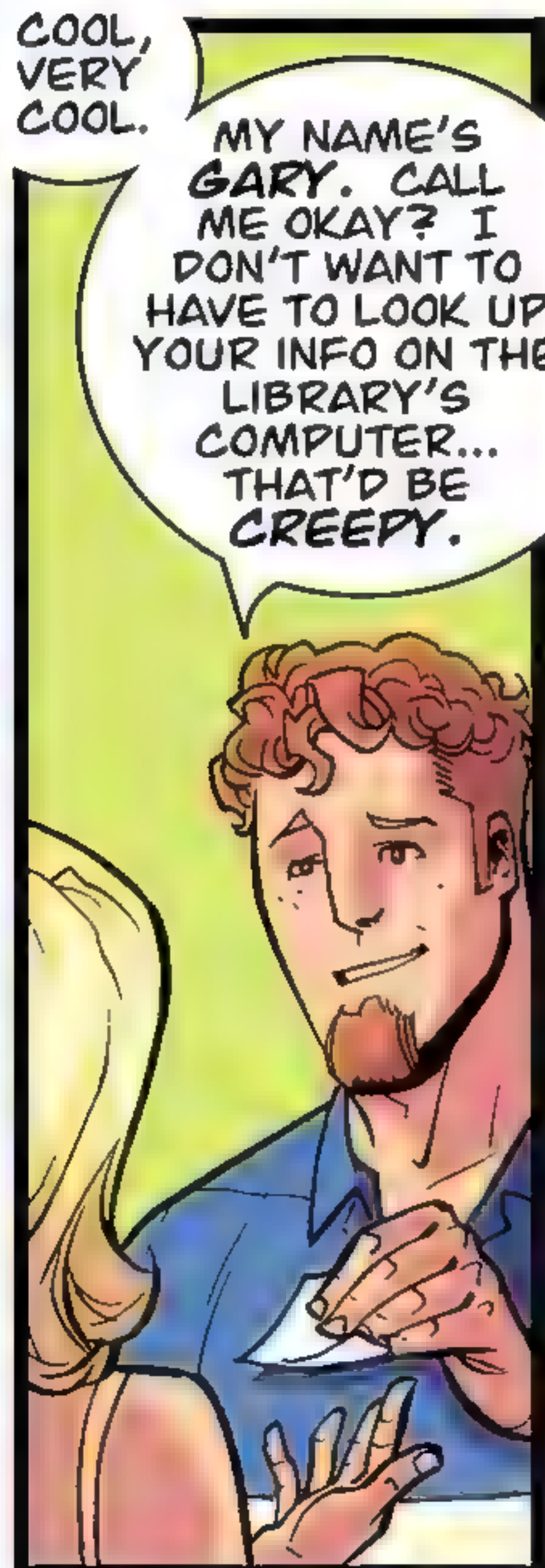


JUST... I DON'T KNOW, CALL ME WHEN YOU'RE DONE WITH IT? OR MAYBE WE COULD MEET SOMEWHERE AND SHARE IT?

I REALLY NEED THAT BOOK.

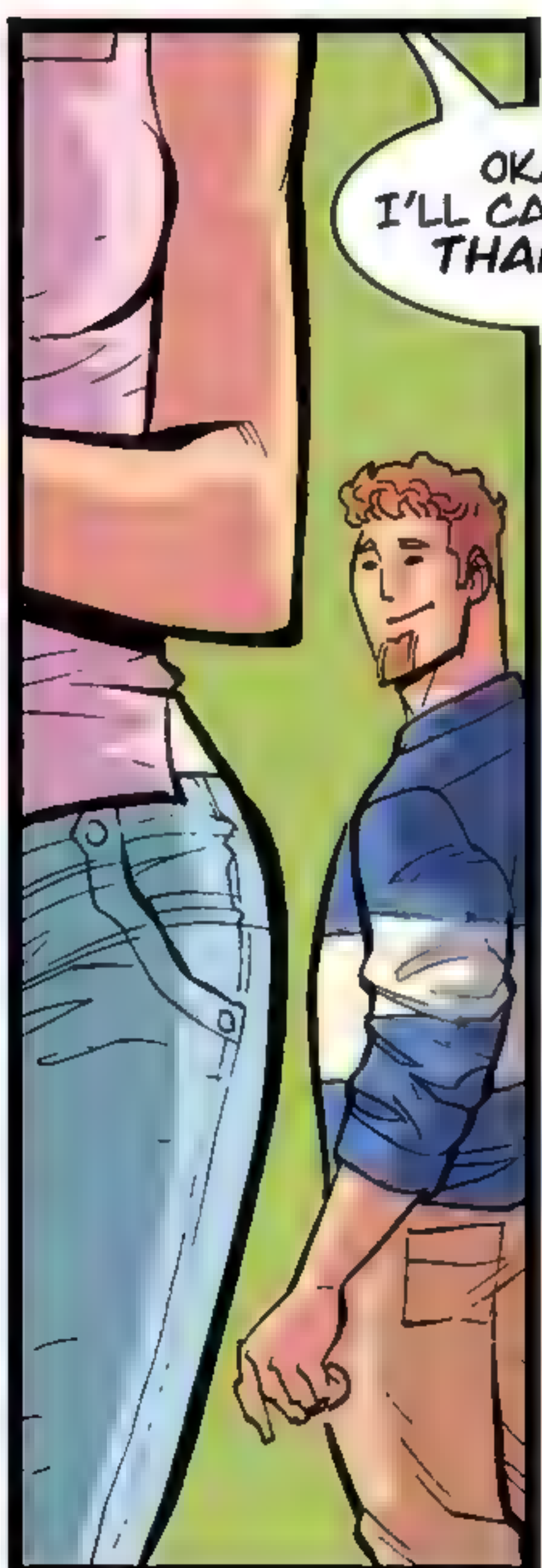


OH, UM... I'M SURE WE CAN WORK SOMETHING OUT.



COOL, VERY COOL.

MY NAME'S GARY. CALL ME OKAY? I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO LOOK UP YOUR INFO ON THE LIBRARY'S COMPUTER... THAT'D BE CREEPY.



OKAY, I'LL CALL YOU. THANKS.



NO PROBLEM.



BACK AT ART'S TAILOR SHOP.



YOUR MOTHER TELLS ME... YOU SAW YOUR FATHER...

YEAH, ON THAT PLANET I WENT TO. SHE TOLD YOU ABOUT MY LITTLE BROTHER THEN?

SHE TOLD ME ABOUT ALL OF IT. EVERYTHING YOU TOLD HER AT LEAST. YOU HOLD ANYTHING BACK?

THE ALIEN QUEEN... MY FATHER'S NEW... WIFE OR WHATEVER. SHE WAS REALLY NICE. I ACTUALLY LIKED HER. I DIDN'T TELL MY MOM THAT.

I GOTTA SAY, HEARING ABOUT YOUR FATHER... IT MADE ME SO... I DON'T KNOW... **RELIEVED**. HE WAS SO KIND TO ME... A GOOD FRIEND.

WHEN HE DID WHAT HE DID TO YOU-- I THOUGHT I'D LOST MY MIND.

IT'S COMFORTING TO HEAR THERE'S STILL A PIECE OF HIM THAT I KNEW LEFT IN THERE.

IT WAS... GOOD FOR ME, TOO... SEEING HIM LIKE THAT. KNOWING THE FATHER I KNEW WASN'T A **COMPLETE LIE**.

THERE'S A THING I KINDA WANTED TO ASK YOU ABOUT. WHEN WE WERE DEFEATED-- WHEN THE VILTRUMITES TOOK HIM AWAY...

THE LAST THING HE SAID TO ME WAS...

"**READ MY BOOKS.**"

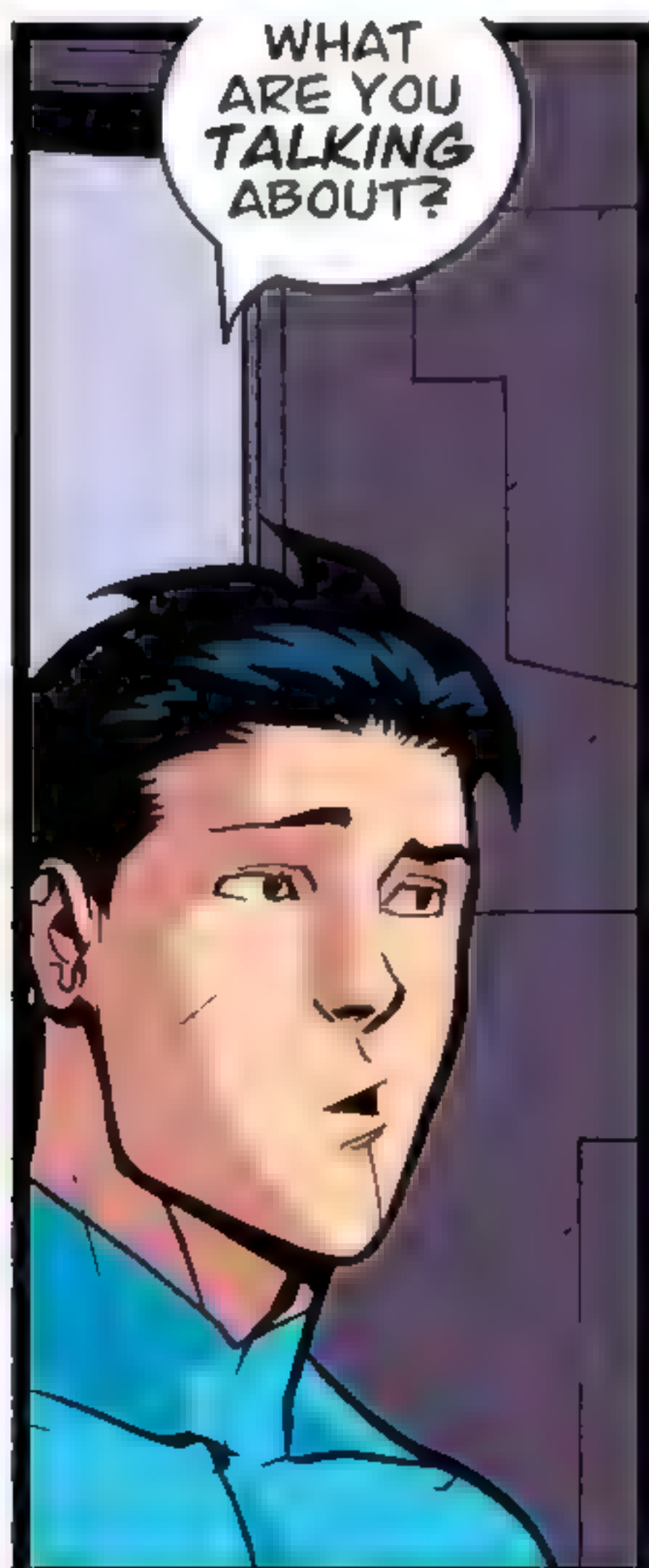


IT SOUNDED IMPORTANT... LIKE IT WAS SOMETHING I REALLY NEEDED TO DO.

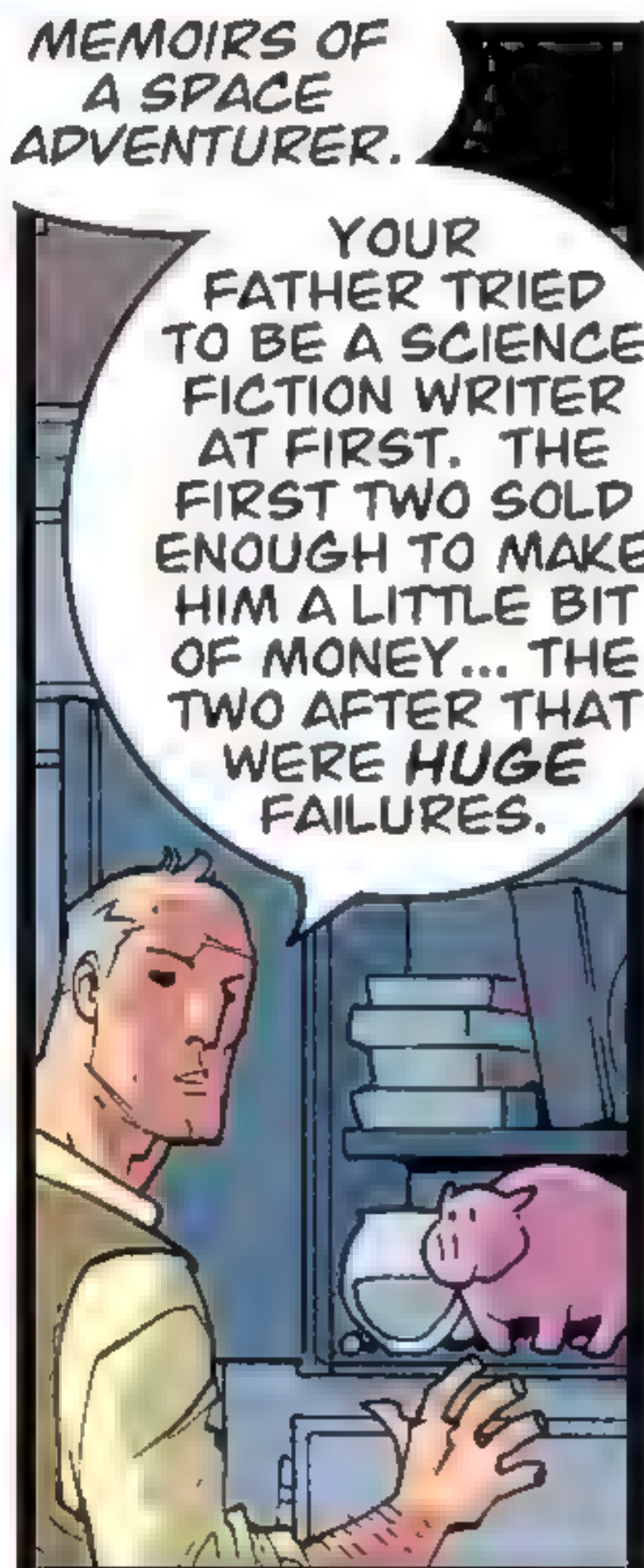
BUT MY DAD WROTE TRAVEL BOOKS RIGHT? WE'VE GOT THEM ALL AT THE HOUSE. WHY WOULD HE WANT ME TO READ THOSE?

YOU FATHER DIDN'T ALWAYS WRITE TRAVEL BOOKS.

I THINK I'VE GOT HIS "DIRTY LITTLE SECRET" STASHED IN ONE OF THESE CABINETS OVER HERE. THEY DIDN'T TAKE OFF, THEY SOLD BARELY JUST ENOUGH FOR HIM TO DO A FEW OF THEM... BUT I WAS A FAN.

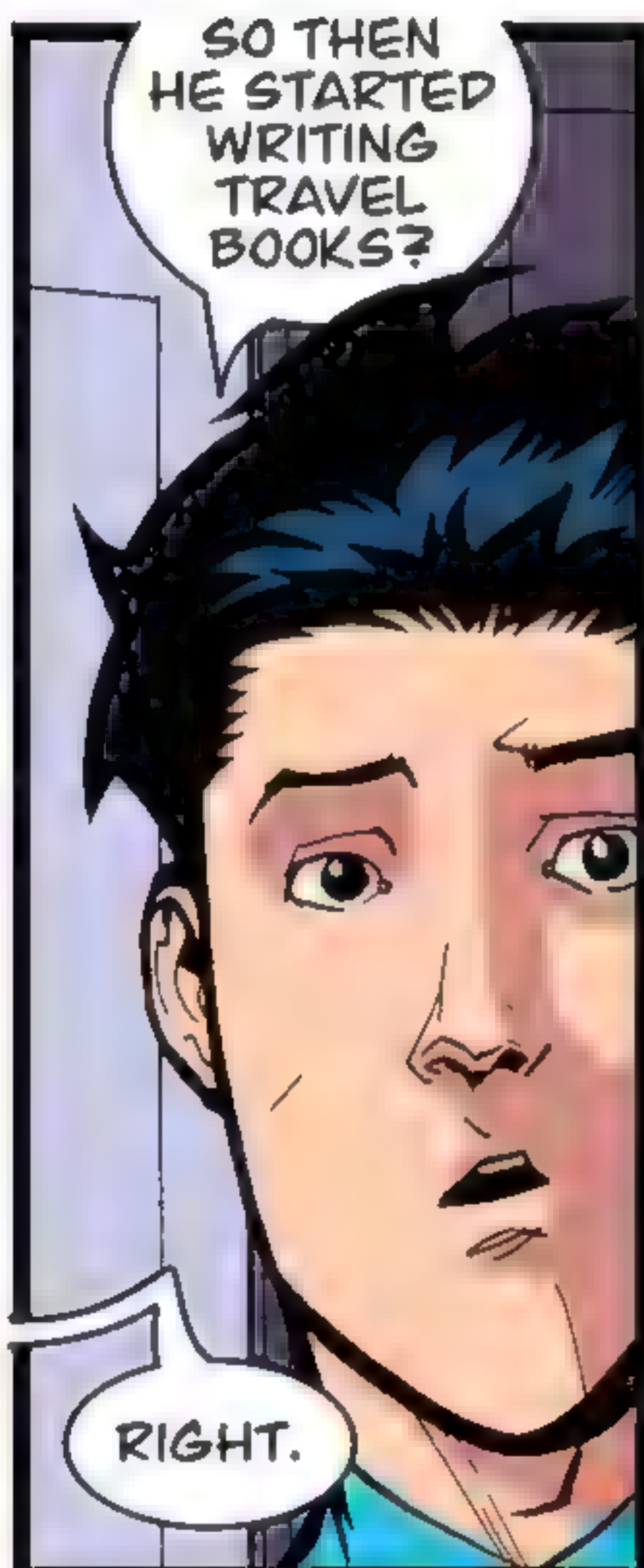


WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT?



MEMOIRS OF A SPACE ADVENTURER.

YOUR FATHER TRIED TO BE A SCIENCE FICTION WRITER AT FIRST. THE FIRST TWO SOLD ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM A LITTLE BIT OF MONEY... THE TWO AFTER THAT WERE HUGE FAILURES.



SO THEN HE STARTED WRITING TRAVEL BOOKS?

RIGHT.

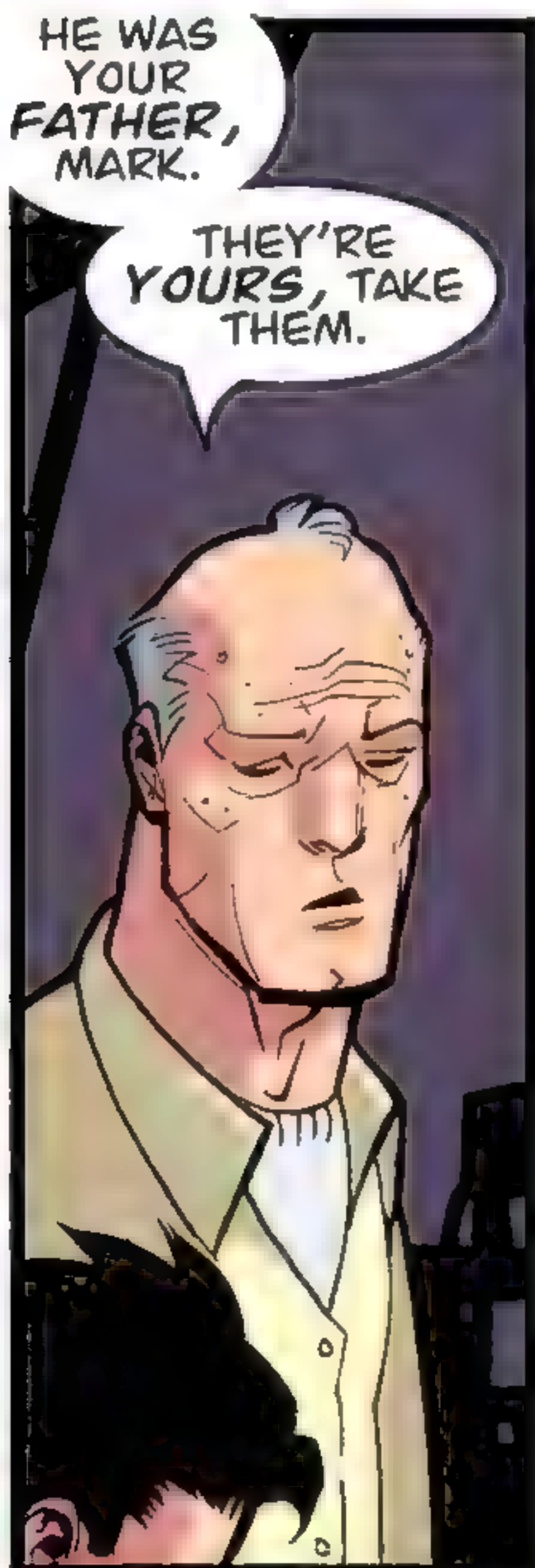


FOR WHATEVER REASON HE DIDN'T LIKE TO TALK ABOUT THESE BOOKS. HE WAS EMBARRASSED BY THEM... OR SOMETHING. LIKE I SAY, I REALLY LIKED THEM, SO I KEPT THEM.



OH, THIS IS WEIRD.

CAN I--?



HE WAS YOUR FATHER, MARK.

THEY'RE YOURS, TAKE THEM.



THESE LOOK SILLY.

WHY WOULD HE WANT ME TO READ THESE?



I MEAN, LOOK AT THESE TITLES.

LOST INSIDE THE CHASM TO OBLIVION.

HATE TRIBES ON THE PLANET WREKK.



AND THIS ONE...

THE MAN WITH THE INVINCIBLE GUN.



I GOTTA READ THIS.



how he obtained the weapon, or where it came from. The origins of the weapon are completely unknown to the empire. All that is known are its capabilities.

The information was gathered from thousands of sources. Sketchy eyewitness accounts, damaged artifacts--evidence of the weapon's power--everything points to the same conclusion. This weapon--the infinity ray--emitted an energy wave that was unstoppable. It was said that blasts from this infinity ray still race through the cosmos, blasting a path through anything they encounter. Planets, Stars, Ships--anything in their path is destroyed. Again, this is only a theory. No one has ever gotten close enough to study the infinity ray for themselves. The Space Rider made sure of that.

Whether the story was true or not, I had my mission. I was to hunt down the Space Rider, determine whether or not the stories of his weapon were true and if so, arrest him. He was to stand trial for offenses against the empire. Were his weapon as powerful as it was fabled to be he was a huge threat. I left at once.

Little was known about the Space Rider, where he lived, what quadrant of space he operated in, all was a mystery. He had become the stuff of legend. Stories of him stretch across the twelve galaxies. He was said to be in two places at once. Stories were conflicting with each other. Finding him would be no easy task. Yet it was a task I had to complete. I dare not fail my people. I knew what was at stake. Our very way of life.

At first, I studied the stories for similarities, common elements. Anything that made it possible for me to tell fact from fiction--if there was any fact to these stories. In time I would find that the Space Rider and his weapon were very real--and as far fetched as they were, its capabilities were that of tall tales. But it would take me nearly fifteen years to discover this.

The first clue came when I was contacted by a former subordinate of The Space Rider who was willing to inform me of his possible whereabouts. With

WHAT WERE THESE BOOKS ABOUT?



OH, UH... SOME SPACE ALIEN DUDE IS HUNTING DOWN ENEMIES OF HIS GOVERNMENT OR SOMETHING. ELIMINATING THEM. EACH BOOK HAS HIM GOING AFTER ONE OR TWO THREATS TO THEIR EMPIRE OR SOMETHING.



IT WAS COOL STUFF.



YOU MEAN...IT'S ABOUT A GUY FROM AN ALIEN PLANET HUNTING DOWN ENEMIES OF HIS EMPIRE?



YEAH. YOU KNOW, I NEVER REALLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT, BUT I WONDER IF THESE WERE LIKE VILTRUMITE FOLK LORE OR SOMETHING THAT HE WAS JUST RETELLING HERE.



NO... THAT'S NOT IT... THAT'S NOT IT AT ALL.

IT'S HIM, ART... HE'S WRITING ABOUT HIMSELF. HE'S WRITING ABOUT HUNTING DOWN ENEMIES OF THE VILTRUMITE EMPIRE.

HE MUST HAVE HIDDEN SOMETHING IN THESE BOOKS... SOMETHING THAT I CAN USE TO HELP HIM.



BUT WHAT COULD IT BE? WHAT COULD HE HAVE HIDDEN HERE?



SAVAGE PLANET, SAVAGE BEASTS?

WHAT IS THIS ONE ABOUT?





and at once, I knew I had made a grave mistake. In an instant I was surrounded, swarmed, overwhelmed. It was unclear if I would make it out alive. I had grossly underestimated the situation.

The mission was clear, investigate the inhabitants of this harsh planet, determine their exact threat level to the empire, and then report back for further instructions. It appeared then that I might not make it back to receive those instructions. It was clear the threat level was high. With almost minimal effort I was quickly injured. These creatures were fast. They seemed to come out of nowhere. I did not have time to react. My life was immediately in danger.

The size of these beasts was deceiving. They were barely twice my size. I've battled creatures ten times their size with infinitely less effort. The planet they inhabit caused them to evolve into such tough creatures. The gravitational quotient on this unnamed planet was so severe they had to be stronger than most to simply be able to move. They were remarkable creatures. In hindsight I can look at them scientifically and I find a tremendous respect for them.

At the time I felt differently. I just wanted to survive, if that meant wiping out the entire race, I would have done it, as harsh as that sounds.

With every attempt to reach the sky and escape to the stars, I was thwarted, pulled back into the heap, ravaged all over again. While these creatures did not possess the ability to fly they could jump long distances and high into the air with their powerful legs. Any attempt to fly was met with a swift attack from one or more that resulted in my falling back to the planet's surface. It was clear that strategy was not going to work.

I began trying to fight my way through the horde. If I could push through them, maybe I could get far enough away from them fast enough to make my escape. The problem with that strategy was that I was under constant attack. I could feel the flesh being ripped from my bones as I pressed on. This method of escape was not going



